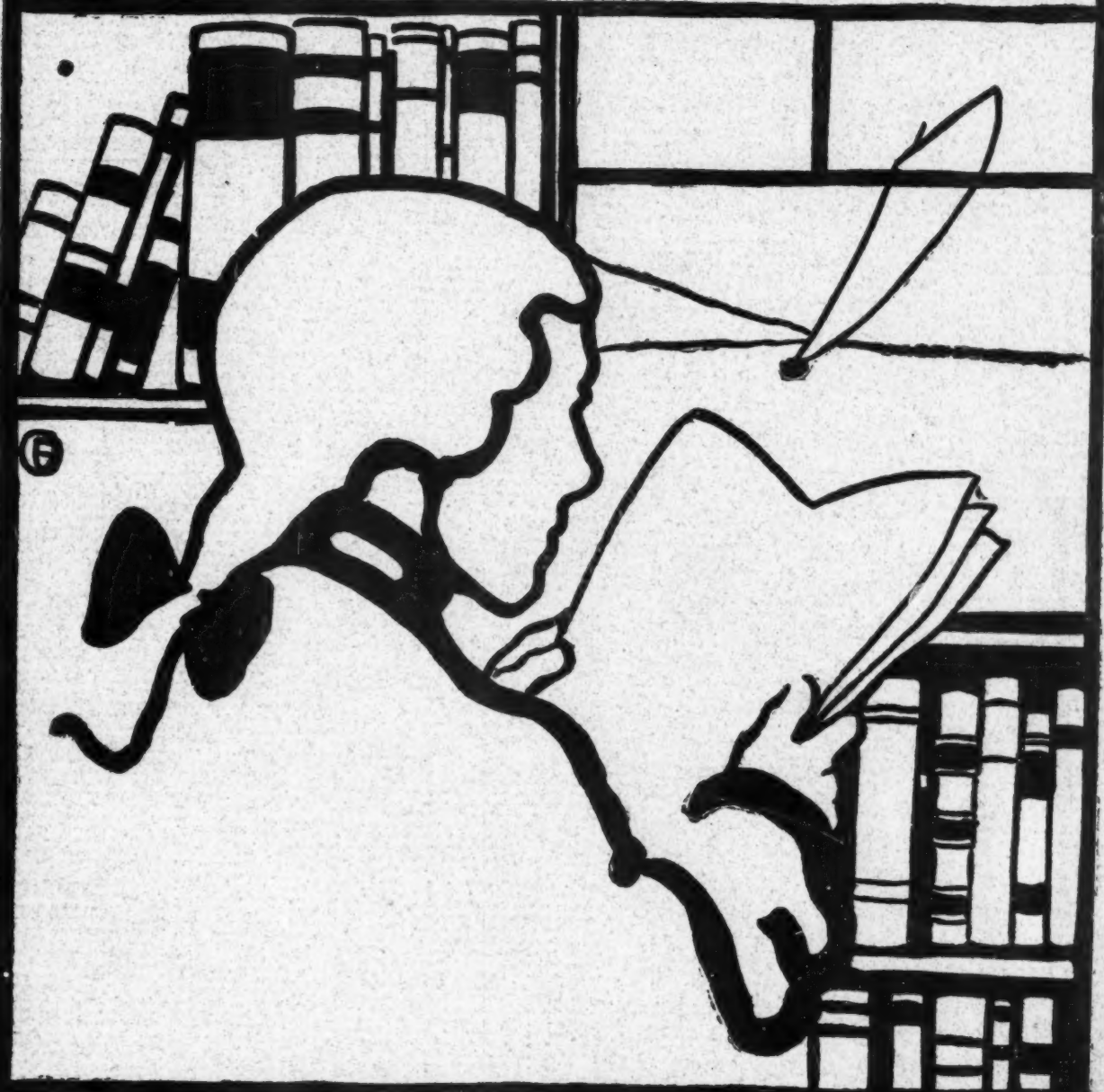


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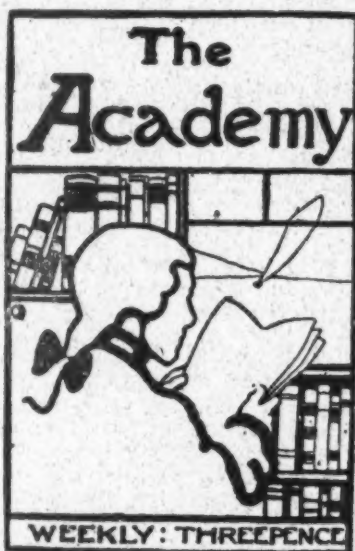
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SIR E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, in his report on the general progress at the British Museum for the year ending on March 31 last, records a slight decrease in the number of visits of students to the reading room—188,554 as against 190,886 in 1898. The daily average was 624. The number of volumes, &c., supplied to readers was 1,306,078, as against 1,397,145 in 1898. Mr. G. K. Fortescue, in his report on the Department of Printed Books, says that the printing of the entire catalogue, which was begun in 1881, is now almost complete; there now remains unprinted only a portion of the heading "England." The number of readers in the newspaper room was 19,090, giving a daily average of over 63.

THE story of action, or romantic novel, still holds the field in America. The *Century* magazine, which is not given to hasty statements, acknowledges in the current issue that "after sporadic advances, over a considerable space of time, it has finally carried the citadel of public fancy with a rush." But in this country the citadel has not been carried by the historical novel. It would seem that that honour is destined for what is known as the society novel, the account—smart, witty, and sentimental—of a circle of people whose objects in life are mainly social ambition, and falling in and falling out of love. An excellent example of this type of fiction is Mr. Percy White's amusing and interesting story called *The West End*.

IN the future, no doubt, the military story will dominate our magazines and circulating libraries. We could wish that these onrushing pages of fiction could all have the purpose and the meaning behind the tale that characterises the striking stories of the war by Mr. Rudyard Kipling that are now appearing in the *Daily Express*. "The Way That He Took," which appeared on June 12th, 13th, and 14th, and "The Outsider," which appeared on June 19th, 20th, and 21st, should be printed as an appendix to General Baden-Powell's *Aids to Scouting*. We hope Dr. Conan Doyle will bring his ingenious brain to bear on the medical arrangements, as Mr. Kipling has thrown the flashlight of his intelligence on military matters.

NEXT week Mrs. Craigie's latest novel, *Robert Orange*, will be published. It is a sequel to *The School for Saints*, and the two books together represent five years' work. Disraeli again is a prominent character. A sixpenny edition of *The School for Saints* is ready for publication. It is printed in the same style as the six-shilling book, and is, perhaps, the largest sixpenny novel ever offered to the public.

THE publication of Mr. Churton Collins's essays, *Plain Truths about Current Literature*, has been deferred till the autumn.

S. G., the writer of the Literary Notes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has the courage of his convictions. Commenting on the announcement by Messrs. Macmillan of the issue of a complete edition of the writings of Mr. Walter Pater "uniform with the *édition de luxe* of Mr. Kipling's work," he says:

I have never been able to realise the fascination of Pater's style, except, indeed, in passages like the famous one about Leonardo's lady in the Louvre, nor to understand the influence of his thought. *Marius the Epicurean* always seemed like the dry bones of "Greats" lectures dressed up in togas, but there is no doubt that the presentment of ancient Rome had a peculiar charm for many people who cared for literature, particularly for those who knew no Latin.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW announce the publication of the *Times' History of the War in South Africa*. This History, which has been in course of preparation for some months, will be the joint production of several of the Special Correspondents of the *Times* in South Africa. It will be edited by Mr. L. S. Amery, and will be completed in five volumes.

MESSRS. CECIL AND HILDEBRAND HARMSWORTH, who will jointly edit the new monthly magazine, the *New Liberal Review*, have furnished us with some particulars about their forthcoming venture. In size and shape the *New Liberal Review* will resemble most of the other great monthly reviews, and, like them, it will include many articles of literary and general interest. But these resemblances soon fade away into differences. The *New Liberal Review* will answer to its name, in that it will have a distinct political trend of thought. It will be the monthly organ of Liberal Imperialism, and will print articles by the leaders of this political division. Secondly, it will endeavour in a general way to attach clever young writers to the Liberal cause. Literary and general articles will be accepted from any writer, whether he is known or not, who can furnish originality and style. Known writers whose style is dull, or whose views can always be anticipated, will be left in the cold by the *New Liberal Review*. An amusingly characteristic fact, elicited by our representative, is that whereas no definite list of contributors to the *New Liberal Review* has yet been drawn up, a list of writers who will not write for it has been made. Articles will rule shorter in the *New Liberal Review* than in most of the reviews; a length of 3,000 to 4,000 words will be the standard as against the 5,000 to 6,000 words favoured by other editors. The political articles will, of course, be in general accord with the policy of the *New Liberal Review*, and this granted they will undergo little editorial treatment. But a strong editorial hand will be kept on the rest of the *Review*; and a general control over the whole of it will be exercised in a few pages of editorial notes, somewhat in the style of the *Spectator's* weekly summary. The price of the *New Liberal Review* has not yet been definitely settled, but we shall not be surprised if a review edited within the walls of the Harmsworth Buildings is characteristically venturesome in giving large measure for little money.

We did not express a decided opinion on the Parliamentary proposals of the British Museum Trustees with regard to the disposal of provincial newspapers and "superfluous" literature. The subject is a difficult one, and we have little doubt that "best wisdom"—to use an old Quaker expression—will be vouchsafed to the few on whom the decision really rests. Mr. Leslie Stephen, a British Museum student of the highest type, wrote on the subject in last week's *Speaker*, but his views have hardly his characteristic definiteness. One scarcely gathers what he would himself propose. He points out that a superstitious regard for facts is apt to fill the minds of museum directors:

Because any fact may be important, they speak as if every fact must be interesting. A single observation may clear up a scientific difficulty. Millions of years ago an insect happened to be stuck in a clod of earth. Its "mortal remains" when dug up may give a decisive solution of some problem of evolution. The one specimen was priceless. But if we afterwards found a whole stratum composed of similar remains they might tell us nothing more. A single locust would be as instructive as a countless swarm. So a single ancient document found in a mummy may reveal something of deep interest as to the remotest civilisation. If similar documents were discovered their value would decline in a rapidly accelerating ratio. They would only repeat what we knew already.

On the other hand, "as we . . . are not yet quite infallible, we must keep everything that we may be sure of not destroying just what our posterity will desire." The "only moral" which Mr. Stephen wishes to draw, and he merely draws it—he does not elaborate it—is that "the demand for the preservation of the material should be accompanied by a demand for its organisation. Our huge storehouses should be arranged with a view to their accessibility." This, however, has been said already by those who object to the Trustees' proposals. There has been organisation as far as space permitted. The cry is for space. The Trustees propose to secure it by throwing out "superfluous" material. The objectors ask: "When did you discover that it was superfluous? Your business is to pull down your old barns and build greater." But—*mirabile dictu*—it has now been discovered, through Mr. Morley's inquiry in Parliament, that these "Trustees' proposals" do not represent the mind of the Trustees at all, but have been brought about by Government pressure. The Trustees wish to hold what they have, and extend their space; and the Government is thrifty! Probably the evaporation of the proposals has begun.

MEANWHILE, however, a correspondent writes to us:

Instead of scattering the provincial papers to the four corners of the kingdom, the British Museum authorities ought to consider whether they could not better set free a lot of space by distributing their superfluous books among the free libraries. A glance through the catalogue shows that there are dozens of copies in the library of many books, and, probably, in a majority of cases not a single copy is used from year's end to year's end.

Of Robert Hall's "Modern Infidelity," for instance, first published in 1800, there are sixteen editions; of "The Sunday Friend," thirteen editions; of a sermon by a certain Archbishop of York, nine copies; of the "Collected Sermons of Master Henrie Smith (year 1592, &c.)," twelve editions; of his sermons on "Jonah's Punishment," six copies; on "God's Arrows against Atheists," six copies; on "Contentment," six copies, and so on. Probably religious writers take up more room than all other writers put together. One Baptist minister has no less than six pages of the catalogue to himself with writings on "Pleasant Things from the Ever-asting Hills or Pleasant Truths for all Peoples," "Pearls from the Ocean, or Wealth for Souls," and things of that kind. Perhaps the worst offenders are the writers of school books. Of Hamblin Smith's "Arithmetic for Junior Classes," "Arithmetic for Senior Classes," and "Answers" to each, there are, in all,

thirty-three copies. Of his "Algebra," "Trigonometry," "Geometry," and "Treatise on Arithmetic," there are altogether forty-two copies. There is a book on botany by another Smith, written in 1807, and almost of no value now, but it is represented by no fewer than nine copies. Then the poets are certainly given too much space. Of Longfellow's "Poetical Works" there are seventy-four editions, besides scores of volumes of "Selected," "Early," "Later," &c., poems. In addition there are thirteen editions of "Miles Standish," twenty-six editions of "Evangeline," twelve editions of "Hiawatha," &c. All the readers of all the ages to come will not wear out a tithe of these, and they could be distributed with great advantage.

ACCORDING to a daily paper (from which we condense the following account), a strange literary lawsuit is amusing Rome. Some time ago Prof. Cugnoni, of the Rome University, came into possession of a copy of some MSS. alleged to have been written by Leopardi. He published them as a contribution to Leopardi literature. Soon afterwards a Government librarian, named Tacchi, declared himself to be the author of the MSS. Prof. Cugnoni maintained that it was impossible for any living Italian to counterfeit Leopardi's style, and refused to entertain Tacchi's claim. Thirteen years passed, when, on the occasion of the Leopardian centenary, Abbot Cozza Luzzi, vice-librarian of the Vatican, published certain MSS. of Leopardi which had found their way into the Vatican Library, and which the abbot declared to be authentic. Some of the MSS. contained passages identical with those published by Prof. Cugnoni. On the strength of this confirmation of his theory Prof. Cugnoni accused Tacchi of literary dishonesty. Hence the present trial. Feeling is running high not only between Cugnoni and Tacchi, but also between their respective advocates. Signor Ferri, the Socialist leader, is hot on one side, and Signor Bonacci, a well-known Zanardellian, is hot on the other. These two worthies recently came to blows over the question of the authenticity of Cugnoni's copy of Leopardi, and had to be separated by the Carabineers. Meanwhile Italian justice is putting on its spectacles.

THE present season of the Monday dinners of the Authors' Club will conclude on July 2. During the past year the club has entertained a number of distinguished guests, among whom may be mentioned Lord Wolseley, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor, the Bishop of London, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. James Bryce, General Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Herbert Maxwell, the French Ambassador, the American Ambassador, the Chinese Minister, the Swedish and Norwegian Minister, Sir Walter Foster, Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., Lord Strathcona, Mr. E. F. Knight, and Sir Robert Ball.

WE do not quite follow Mr. Heinemann in his argument in last week's *Literature* that fashion in fiction does not exist, or is of small account. He says: "The only justification I have ever found for the assumption that fashion favours one class of novel to-day and a different class to-morrow is that every striking work of literature or art engenders in the lazy writer the vision of a welcome *pons asinorum*, and with the unthinking reader a comfortable wish for more of the same." Mr. Heinemann proceeds to give instance after instance of the imitation of successful novels by inferior writers. Well, in the world of dress this is the state of things which we call fashion. What is fashion there but the "*pons asinorum*" of people without original taste? Fashion is the refuge of the unthinking in dress; and so it is in literature. Mr. Heinemann seems to quarrel greatly with the word, but to supply overwhelming evidence of the fact. We regret the phenomenon as much as he

does; but we should say that there is undoubtedly, in these days, such a thing as fashion in fiction. It is happily more easily changed than fashion in dress, and we are glad that Mr. Heinemann thinks that "the success of to-morrow may grow on any branch of the tree of fiction"; adding, for emphasis: "Let any new author offer me a novel that excels in any particular—let his work be of any school—he will not find me difficult to convince that his, and his only for the nonce, is the novel towards which the tendencies and the taste of the day are gravitating."

INCIDENTALLY Mr. Heinemann has this severe word on the historical novel of the moment:

If I were asked whether the novel of an unknown author dealing with daily life in an everyday way would be as likely to "catch on" as an historical romance, I think I should favour it, because it would in all probability be nearer to human actuality, and might possibly be based on observation and insight, if not even on experience or knowledge. To make living and real personages of past ages, hampered as the writer must be with the necessity of creating a remote atmosphere and a strange *milieu*, is the task of the master, and that is why, at a moment devoted to the apotheosis of the incompetent, it becomes the favourite ambition of every bungling amateur.

SOME of the philological asides which occur in Dr. Murray's Romanes lecture, which we deal with elsewhere, are extremely interesting. He shows how Dr. Johnson corrupted the spelling of the word "dispatch." This word

had been in English use for some 250 years when Johnson's Dictionary appeared, and had been correctly spelt by everybody (that is, by everybody but the illiterate) with *dis-*. This was Johnson's own spelling both before and after he published the dictionary, as may be seen in his *Letters* edited by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill. It was also the spelling of all the writers whom Johnson quoted. But, by some inexplicable error, the word got into the dictionary as *despatch*, and this spelling was even substituted in most of the quotations. I have not found that a single writer followed this erroneous spelling in the eighteenth century: Nelson, Wellesley, Wellington, and all our commanders and diplomats wrote *Dispatches*; but since about 1820, the filtering down of the influence of Johnson's Dictionary has caused this erroneous spelling *despatch* to become generally known and to be looked upon as authoritative; so that at the present time about half our newspapers give the erroneous form, to which, more lamentably, the Post Office, after long retaining the correct official tradition, recently capitulated.

NEW and recent books relating to China and Japan are pretty sure of a sale now that the Far East horizon is beset with threatening clouds. A book which comes very opportunely will be *The "Overland" to China*, by Archibald R. Colquhoun, F.R.G.S., the author of *China in Transformation*. This is an account of the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and a study of the rapid ascendancy of Russian Influence in China during the past few years; together with speculations as to the political significance of the completion of this great undertaking. Messrs. Harper Bros. will issue the book next Tuesday.

ANOTHER imminent publication is *Feudal and Modern Japan*, by Mr. Arthur May Knapp, which Messrs. Duckworth announce. Mr. Knapp has frequently visited, and for a long time resided in Japan, thus enjoying peculiar advantages for observation. The book includes a study of the history, religion, art, life and habits of the Japanese. While avoiding that indiscriminating praise which has characterised so many works on Japan, it presents fresh points of view and furnishes information which is difficult of access. There will be twenty-four photogravure illustrations of Japanese life, landscape, and architecture.

THAT the effect of the American law of copyright as it now stands may be to discourage the production of serious literature is very clearly brought out by Mr. Alfred Austin in his article on Anglo-American Literary Copyright in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Copyright in America can be secured only by simultaneous publication on both sides of the Atlantic. This means a double production and expense, and it is easy to see that in the case of a "non-popular" book this double expense may frighten an English publisher or author. But if they once publish the book on this side only, the American copyright is lost for ever. What regrets and anomalies may then arise is seen in the following fragment of a conversation between an author and a publisher, which Mr. Austin reports as an actuality:

"I quite understand," said my friend; "but, had I thought the book would have the circulation here it seems to be having, I should willingly have incurred the additional expense of simultaneously producing it in America. As you say, it is now too late to do that. But I observe, from the statement of sales you have just shown me, that the book—that is to say, the English edition of it published by you—finds a certain number of purchasers in America, where so far, roughly calculated, as many hundreds of copies have been sent and sold as there have been thousands sold here. Can you not, therefore—for this is the point I wanted to urge—do something to stimulate the sale there still further?"

"Possibly," said the publisher. "But just consider whether that would be wise, from a business point of view. The book seems to be much appreciated in this country, and therefore we have been able to dispose, as you say, of a certain number of copies in America. But, if once the impression arose there that the book is what in trade parlance is called a great success with the English reading public, it would at once be pirated, and we should be able to dispose of no more copies to American readers. As soon as it was believed that there is 'money in it,' it would at once be reprinted there, and your share in that money would be reduced to nil. As it is, you will receive something, at least, from the sales in America."

From which it appears that under the above circumstances—which could arise in connection with no European country—an author may find that it is directly against his interest to bring his book prominently before a public eager to read it.

THE *New Battle of Dorking*, by a writer whose name is represented on the title-page by a row of six asterisks, is like the old *Battle of Dorking* in its aim to arouse Englishmen to a sense of the danger of a French invasion.

There are three months in every year—July, August, September—during which the French army is fit for immediate warfare. And every year during these months there is a constantly recurring probability of a surprise raid on London by the 120,000 men whom they could without difficulty put on board ship, land in England, and march to within a dozen miles of London in less than three days from receipt of the order to move.

The story tells how a French army landed at Horsham, after a torpedo attack on Portsmouth, while the Channel Fleet was off the Irish coast. An immediate advance to London was met with fair promptitude by the volunteers and reserves. After terrible bloodshed in Surrey, and panic in London, the French army surrendered. But a new necessity to defeat France on her own soil, and quench her passion for revenge, was created, with corresponding needs for army reform. The writer is strongly opposed to those "humanitarian" methods in war which endanger results by excessive economy in human lives. He does not believe in "extended order" except in skirmishing. In battle he advocates "the decisive, rapid advance, ending in the relentless bayonet attack, when having located your enemy's position it is absolutely necessary to shift him bodily out of it. Our fellows did this the other day in those two wonderful bayonet duels with the French near Dorking and at Chaldon." Larger lessons are enforced.

MR. DONNELLY is ever with us. War cannot stale, nor Presidential elections wither, the infinite variety of his attacks on Shakespeare. Mr. Donnelly is now Populist candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. But neither Populism nor popularity can turn him from his purpose of inducing us to spell Shakespeare's name B-a-c-o-n. He now tells us that the very inscription on Shakespeare's tomb bears witness against his authorship of the plays. Mr. L. F. Austin makes short and sanguinary work of this suggestion in the *Illustrated London News*:

He [Mr. Donnelly] applies to the rhymes that served so well to frighten illicit bone-disturbers the test of what he calls Bacon's secret cypher. This produces the disclosure that "Francis Bacon wrote the Marlowe, Greene, and Shakspeare plays." . . . Mr. Donnelly must have expected more than this. If in the intervals of writing the works that bear his illustrious name, and of discharging the duties of a somewhat laborious office in the State, Bacon could find time to write Shakspeare, Marlowe, and Greene, I see no reason why he should not have written Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher—in short, the whole Elizabethan drama. Nothing in the shape of toil is impossible to such a prodigy. Not only did he pile Pelion on Ossa by writing Shakspeare, but with sheer wanton riot of intellect he introduced the cryptogram into the plays for the Populist candidate to find out. Whilst his imagination was in the throes of "Lear," "Hamlet," and what not, his historical conscience was penning a veracious narrative of the life and times of Elizabeth, and interweaving it with the blank verse. The Baconian theorists say it is incredible that a man of Shakspeare's education could have written his poetry; but they offer us in their imaginary Bacon the most astounding miracle in human history.

APROPOS of our recent remarks on the clashing of novel titles, the following statement is interesting. It appears on a slip of pink paper in a book of two stories, by Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs, entitled *Before Good Night* and *From Door to Door*, the second story being a sequel to the first:

The author regrets that the similar title of this sequel-story to that of Mr. Capes's lately published book has arisen by one of those accidents of coincidence which need only to be acknowledged to be understood. Mr. Capes had inadvertently adopted the identical title used in a serial story by the author of *Before Good Night*, and it was not brought to his notice until his novel was published and reviewed. The author of this version of *From Door to Door*, while fully exonerating Mr. Capes, cannot surrender his title.

MR. HEINEMANN has in preparation a series of translations of the novels of Matilde Serao, to be published uniform with the works of Gabriele d'Annunzio, the first volume to appear in the autumn.

OWING to pressure on our space we have been unable to quote so many verses in the "Things Seen" (metrical) competition as we could have wished. We shall quote a few others next week.

Bibliographical.

THE continued vitality of the late Mrs. Edwardes's story, *Ought We to Visit Her?* is shown in the fact that Messrs. Macmillan have just reissued it in two-shilling form. It is by this novel and by *Archie Lovell* that Mrs. Edwardes in all probability will be remembered. The former had the distinction of being adapted to the stage by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, at a time—a quarter of a century ago—when dramatisations of novels were not so frequent or so popular as they are now. Mrs. Edwardes's last published work was posthumous—*A Plaster Saint*, which came out last

year, apparently without the advantage of the author's final revision. It had been preceded in 1890 by *Pearl Powder*, and in 1885 by *A Girton Girl*. Of Mrs. Edwardes's *Leah* and *Susan Fielding* there were new editions as lately as 1899 and 1893, but they have been outdistanced in popularity by *Archie Lovell*. In *Ought We to Visit Her?* we have, no doubt, the survival of the fittest.

"Bibliographers of Thackeray," wrote Mr. F. G. Kitton in last week's *Literature*, "are apparently unaware of the fact that the author of *Vanity Fair*, in his early days, was responsible for the libretto of a little musical opera called 'The Mountain Sylph,' first performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre on Monday, August 25, 1834." I beg Mr. Kitton's pardon. If the bibliographers of the author of *Vanity Fair* do not ascribe to him the authorship of the libretto of "The Mountain Sylph," it is simply because he has no claim thereto. The said libretto was the work, not of W. M. Thackeray, but of T. J. Thackeray, his cousin, some references to whom may be found in *Planché's Recollections*. The two Thackerays have frequently been confounded in regard to theatrical productions, but it is really high time that the truth prevailed. No dramatic work by W. M. Thackeray was ever performed in public, whereas T. J. Thackeray made several appearances of that sort, in addition to "The Mountain Sylph."

I see it stated that along with the text of *The Mesmerist*, a new novel by Mr. B. L. Farjeon, will be published that of a play which Mr. Farjeon has himself based upon the story—"for the purpose of forestalling any raids that may be made upon it for theatrical purposes." I doubt very much if the said raids will have been successfully averted by this latest device of the self-defending novelist. The decision in the *Little Lord Fauntleroy* case appears to render it possible for any raider to annex the entire plot and characters of *The Mesmerist*, and make them into a play, so long as he does not use any of Mr. Farjeon's dialogue. Even Mr. Farjeon's title, I believe, could be taken by anyone sufficiently unprincipled. I do not think it has been used as a play-title, and it would, therefore, be proportionately valuable.

Talking of printed plays, that sort of literary product is becoming quite familiar. It was only the other day that Mr. Haddon Chambers followed in the wake of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, by giving to the world the text of his comedy, "The Tyranny of Tears." Of course, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero did but follow the example of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, most of whose dramas have attained the dignity of print. (He has refrained, by the way, from including his burlesques of opera—"Dulcamara," "The Pretty Druidess," and so forth—in his volumes of plays.) But, in truth, the extent of printed plays is very considerable—the dramas of Westland Marston, the comedies of T. W. Robertson, the plays of Knowles and Lytton and so on, being all accessible in volume form. Then, what a mine of dramatic matter is to be found in the current list of Mr. French's publications!

It is understood that the *Two Stage Plays* of Lucy Snowe, announced by Mr. Heinemann, have never been offered to managers for stage representation. They are called "Denzil Herbert's Atonement" and "Bondage." If the latter piece had been accepted for production, the title would probably have had to be changed, for a play called "Bondage" was performed in London in 1883, and the proprietor thereof might claim priority of choice. The title of Lucy Snowe's other play is not likely to be challenged.

In reply to a correspondent, I may mention that Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Cashel Byron's Confession* was published by the Modern Press in 1886 (price one shilling), and that a revised edition of it appeared in 1889. Mr. Shaw's *Unsocial Socialist* appeared in 1887 (six shillings) and in 1888 (two shillings).

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Grant Allen.

Grant Allen. By Edward Clodd. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Taine says somewhere that a certain philosopher secured for himself the devotion of the British public by discovering the English God in the sacred writings of the Hindoos. Though gifted beyond most men, and catching at times glimpses of profound truths, Grant Allen made no discoveries of this type; quite the reverse.

To accept nothing unless it commended itself to his own reason and conscience was Grant Allen's fixed and invariable rule, and as that is not the way of the world he came sharply into collision with much that is dear to the orthodox heart. He hated shams and conventions, and he took every opportunity of saying so. He disliked those vulgar superstitions which usurp the name of religion, and he was at times outspoken in declaring his preference for a religion of essentials—truth, justice, pity, love, gratitude and sympathy. He hated war and everything leading to it. Napier, "Peninsular War Napier," declared that soldiers were licensed murderers; but Grant Allen dispensed with qualifications, and bluntly avowed his belief that military enthusiasm meant enthusiasm for killing people. He was an evolutionist, not of the limited, but of the unlimited kind; and he believed in the orderly unfolding of everything from cosmic dust to man, body and soul. He wrote a book on *The Evolution of God*, and was with difficulty persuaded to modify the title to *The Evolution of the Idea of God*; but even the modified title was all too shocking for the British public; albeit that it had the approval and had, in fact, been suggested by Mr. Herbert Spencer. Finally, he unbosomed himself on the relations of the sexes in *The Woman Who Did*.

Obviously, Grant Allen needs a biographer who sympathised with him, and who can put him right with the court of appeal—the coming generations. And the majority of people who take an interest in the matter will be of opinion that Mr. Edward Clodd is eminently well suited to accomplish this task. Mr. Clodd is an evolutionist; he understands the work accomplished by the pioneers of the doctrine and, as he tells us himself, he enjoyed Grant Allen's friendship for well nigh twenty-eight years. Besides, he had something to pour into the ear of the public of potent effect with the vast majority of folks—to wit, a deeply pathetic tale, and on a scaffolding of deep feeling he could have erected a solid edifice of reason. For Grant Allen's life was charged with tragic interest. After a period of sunshine in the land of his birth—Canada—and at Dieppe and Birmingham, he matriculated at Merton College, Oxford. While at Oxford changes occurred in family circumstances and he was thrown on his own efforts, and from that time till his death he never knew the peace which comes from possessing a good banker's balance—a peace which truly passeth all understanding—and he was never wholly free from some measure of anxiety about financial ways and means. He had one bit of good luck in being appointed a professor at the Government College in Jamaica, but that only lasted three years, and was a mere passing glimpse of the comfortable side of life. He had to live by his pen, and he soon learned that living by his pen, in the regions he was specially equipped for—namely, science and philosophy—meant starvation. Then he tried his hand at every branch of literature, and displayed a versatility which was truly marvellous. He achieved success; he became a known man, and commissions poured in. But success came too late. He had been constantly thinking, planning and scheming to produce wares to catch the literary market, and this ceaseless mental activity and worry wore him out, and cut short his life at a compara-

tively early age. He was never robust, and his burden was too much for him.

"What place is to be assigned to this versatile well-equipped worker?" Mr. Clodd asks this question in his closing pages; but he contents himself with some melancholy reflections about the short memory man has except for the few immortals, and leaves the answer to his question to time. He forgets that it was his bounden duty to assign a place to this hero and martyr, and to help time to form a correct verdict about him. We must say frankly that we expected much from Mr. Clodd; we thought him the right man for the task he had undertaken; but we must with equal frankness declare that we finished his book with feelings of utter disappointment. He has given us many good things—letters and sketches by Mr. Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Prof. Powell, and Miss Bird (sister of Dr. George Bird), but he has relied too much on the good things supplied to him by others. His connecting narrative is at times singularly weak. He is apt enough about Grant Allen's ancestry, his "grand forebears o' auld lang syne," and he gives us a good background from which to trace this gifted man's physical and mental constitution. But there is another background even more important than that of the family—namely, one of the social and intellectual antecedents of our time, so as to enable us and those who come after us to understand exactly where Allen took up "the burden and the lesson," and what he has actually accomplished as a pioneer of evolution. Grant Allen himself thought he had done something for evolution, his dying words to his son being: "I want no memorial over my remains. Tell those who care for anything that I may have done to buy a copy of *Force and Energy*." But the evolution he did something for was the Spencerian form of that doctrine, and that form has never kindled in Mr. Clodd the enthusiasm of an adherent.

Mr. Clodd's method, or rather want of method, is glaringly evidenced in his bibliography of the writings of Grant Allen. The bibliography is a complete misnomer. The writings are given in chronological order, which would be all very well for an author who kept to a definite pathway, and to whom dates were of consequence in order to establish his claims to originality. But Grant Allen did not keep to a definite pathway, but was philosopher, naturalist, physicist, historian, poet, novelist, essayist, and critic. The efforts of a many-sided man like him ought not to have been given indiscriminately according to dates, but should have been tabulated according to subject-matter, and the tabulation should have been done in such a way as to show a definite purpose and a definite unfolding of a distinctive gospel. The bibliography is limited to writings published in book form, and it is well that that limitation is distinctly stated, otherwise we should have been obliged to mention several omissions.

The Spencer-Allen correspondence forms the most interesting and, at the same time, the most valuable portion of the book. The letters are, however, given in chronological order, and are consequently scattered throughout the volume. In adopting this method Mr. Clodd allows an opportunity to escape him of doing a signal piece of service to two distinguished men. Mr. Clodd contents himself with saying that Grant Allen made an early profession of the faith as it is in Herbert Spencer, and that, with some modifications hardly affecting the fundamentals of that faith, his attitude remained unchanged to the end. This would be all very well were Mr. Clodd writing for philosophers; but as he was writing for the public, and the public, according to Lord Beaconsfield, are largely doctored with nonsense, and much require books which refute that nonsense, a very different statement was called for. Grant Allen diverged from Mr. Spencer on three points. The public were told that Mr. Spencer keenly resented the modified falling-off in his gifted adherent,

and showed his resentment in such a way that, had it been true, would have reflected lasting discredit on that philosopher. But it turns out that the public have been misinformed, and that from first to last, for a period extending to a quarter of a century, there existed unclouded friendship between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Grant Allen. Only in one letter does Grant Allen put in a very mild caveat for his way of looking at the land question, which probably caused Mr. Spencer to smile and reflect on the Celtic form of Grant Allen's hereditary make-up. Mr. Spencer's letters are charmingly written, and his epistolary touch has a freshness about it that reminds one of Hume's playful style of addressing friends. Clearly this correspondence ought to have had separate treatment, so as to enable readers to understand the exact nature of Allen's divergences, and adequately to appreciate the solid ground he occupied in common with Mr. Spencer, while the devoted friendship of the two ought to have been specially emphasised. But in this as in the other instances we have mentioned Mr. Clodd gives his readers no assistance whatever.

The Byron of Tinsel and Splendours.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.—*Poetry*. Vol. III. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. (John Murray.)

THIS volume of the new Murray Byron deals principally with the Eastern tales—the "Giaour," the "Corsair," ending feebly with the "Siege of Corinth," "Parisina," and the "Bride of Abydos." Among its many illustrations is a strikingly beautiful drawing of Augusta Leigh, Byron's beloved half-sister, beautiful as regards the face presented. Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge here, as always, fulfils his work of editor and commentator with quiet thoroughness, though he has no new matter to lay before the public.

"The whirligig of time brings about its revenges," but never a stranger one than that which makes the descendant of Coleridge a leader in the rearguard fight that covers the retreat of Byron's reputation; Byron, who damned Coleridge with imperceptive condescension conceiving itself praise (the adolescent satire of "English Bards" should not be laid to his count). Coleridge, on his side, was not Byron-bitten. But all this is nothing to the gulf between the most perfected (though, alas! most capricious) inspiration of that day and the most tinsel splendours in English poetry. Nothing more antithetic in heredity could happen, unless a descendant of Byron should approve himself a poet. Mr. Coleridge has the task of defending Byron's most Byronic poems (which are far from equivalent to Byron's best poems). His tactics involve him in certain dashing advances of principle, which are magnificent, but are they criticism? They come in such a questionable shape that some will challenge them. We must, he says, assimilate ourselves to Byron's accidents of environment. "Unless we are ourselves saturated with his thought and style, unless we learn to breathe his atmosphere by reading the books which he read, picturing to ourselves the scenes which he saw—unless we aspire to his ideals and suffer his limitations, we are in no way entitled to judge his poems, whether they be good or bad." In other words (though Mr. Coleridge may not intend it, may not realise his own contention), poetry is to be judged by what is impermanent, transitory, of the hour, not by what is permanent, what remains when the *detritus*, loosened from immediately circumjacent interests, has been precipitated in the on-flow of the stream. Wagner (who was more than solely a musician) maintained that the value of any masterpiece, in whatsoever form of art, was precisely to be gauged by that in it which survived unsubmerged, indestructible, after the temporary and accidental had been borne under by time. The musician here was surely the sounder critic. Because these poems, not in detail but integrally, are unvital and moth-eaten unless you contemporise yourself (pardon the

coinage) with Byron, they lack that unsubmergible essential quality which belongs to all true poetry. Poetry is a lifeboat; overset for the moment by the rough seas of time, it finally rights itself through its own structural buoyancy. That is the case with some verse (scarce or seldom poetry) in Byron, but not with this. His contemporaries (says Mr. Coleridge) "being undisturbed by ethical or grammatical or metrical offences, . . . understood enough of what they read to be touched by their vitality, to realise their verisimilitude." But vitality, verisimilitude, is precisely what we feel lacking in these "Giaours" and "Corsairs." As for the metrical offence, it is not a thing of technical detail, incidental and unconsidered lapse; it is an organic disease, a congenital weakness, one with the very flesh of the poetry. "Bold and rapid and yet exact presentments of the 'gorgeous East'" Mr. Coleridge finds in these Oriental poems. Their exactitude is a traveller's trick of "local colour," superficial enough; but where is the soul of the East? It is not in them. They are Western melodrama, in "correct costume," taken from Byron's notes of Turkish travel.

For their style, it is beguiling enough to make us wonder they are not still popular. Take a not undeservedly celebrated passage:

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of Death is fled,
The first dark day of Nothingness,
The last of Danger and Distress,
(Before Decay's defacing fingers
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of Repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the Tyrant's power.
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by Death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expresses its last receding ray,
A gilded Halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!

Eloquence here treads illusively close on the heels of poetry, almost overtakes it in "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!" &c. So with some of the descriptions: we have to collect ourselves before we discern that (as an excellent critic once put it) they are not paintings, but oleographs. For the minor poems, you will find that typical Byronism,

Fare thee well, and if for ever, &c.

Byron related how he wrote it with the tears dropping on the page, and so forth. But on what is obviously the original (Mr. Coleridge confesses) there is no trace of these tears which once excited the lachrymal glands of so many English schoolgirls—though there is of elaborate corrections and erasures. Byron's evil genius moved him to head it by the exquisite lines of Coleridge on broken friendship; that all succeeding generations might have a monumental collocation of the false and the true. For the immortal Byron we await a future volume, with "Don Juan," "Beppo," and the "Vision of Judgment." That is the Byron of profuse and surprising genius.

The Spirit of Paris.

Paris. By Hilaire Belloc. (Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

THIS book is neither a history nor a topography, or it is both in a personal, eclectic way. That it may not be read on a wrong mental plane, Mr. Belloc explains exactly how he came to write it. Loving Paris, and *feeling* Paris, he desired, as a man must who "has felt keenly the modern impression of a place he loves," to know "its changing past, the nature and experience that it draws from the centuries, and the platform upon which there can be constructed some little of that future he will never see." And so Mr. Belloc began to read books and gather old prints. He allowed Paris to possess him more than ever, until at last he "shaped the city's legend" into nine long chapters of appreciation of the past of Paris, seen through its present. This mingling of past and present is raised to a sort of luxury that is the main charm of the book. The author has, indeed, no more serious aim than to bulwark his day-dreams, and justify his veneration. To do this he uses the suitable and suggestive facts, and leaves the others gloriously alone. Hence this is the very last book in which to seek a first acquaintance with the history and character of Paris. It is neither a text-book nor a laborious history. It is a personal appreciation, often learned with the learning of formal accounts, but wayward in its own operations. Criticism has little to do with the plan of the work or the authenticity of its details. We can ask whether imagination, insight, and sensitiveness are brought to the contemplation of Paris old and new, and whether a book so little set on formal narrative has style and intuition. With a few reservations, to be noted, we can say that these virtues, so necessary to such a book, are here. Still, the book is not quite right. It would have been improved by division into detached essays (instead of chapters), with some corresponding changes of treatment, and by the rejection of enough of its heavier material to reduce its 476 pages to about 350 pages. The book is something too solid, a little stiff and forbidding to weak brethren. Its Table of Contents wants fancy and allurements; it does but promise a procession through "Lutetia," "Paris in the Dark Ages," "The Early Middle Ages," "The Later Middle Ages," &c., &c., whereas Mr. Belloc is not writing that kind of book. It is a book of felicitous generalisations, interpretations, and associations. Take this about the Paris students:

They keep it fresh with a laughter that is lacking in the centres of the modern world, and they supply it with a frank criticism bordering on intellectual revolt, which is the self-satisfaction of less fortunate capitals, mere seaports, or military centres, fatally ignores. The young men, from their high attic windows on the Hill, interpret her horizons; and, as they grow to fill the places of the old, such a youth helps them to keep the city worthy of the impressions with which she delighted their twentieth year.

We are not going to follow Mr. Belloc through a work which is interesting for its spirit rather than its performance. We will be as eclectic as himself, and remark that the dim weird Paris of the later Middle Ages has a real lodgment in his dreams, and is not weakly projected in sentences like these:

Paris, whose mind was changing, yet kept her form. Had you passed through Paris in the night in one of those winters you would have had everywhere about you the narrow mystery of Gothic streets. The houses, overhanging and timbered, would have hidden the sky, and the spirit in which Europe had attempted to reach heaven would still be mournfully with you in decay. You would have seen spires beyond the roofs, and here and there the despairing beauty of the flamboyant in its last effort, the jutting carved windows of the rich, or the special accretion of porches at St. Jacques or at the Auxerrois. . . . All those who have well described the end of the Paris of St. Louis have made their descriptions fall in with the

spirit of night. Victor Hugo shows you Paris moonlit in the snow from the towers of Notre Dame; its little winding streets like streams of black water in breaking ice, its infinite variety of ornament catching the flakes that had fallen. Stevenson shows you Paris moonlit in the snow from the eyes of Poor Villon wandering after the murder, and afraid of wolves and of the power of the king.

One more quotation. We recognise the truth of this lingering farewell passage—this summary of Paris when Paris is known.

All the streets are noisy with an infinite past; the unexpected turnings of old streets, the reveries that hang round the last of the colleges and that haunt the wonderful Hill are but a little obvious increment to that inspiring crowd of the dead; the men of our blood and our experience who built us up, and of whom we are but the last and momentary heirs, handing on to others a tradition to which we have added very little indeed. Paris rises around any man who knows her; her streets are changing things, her stones are like the clothes of a man; more real than any present aspect she may carry, the illimitable company of history peoples her, and it is in their ready speech and communion that the city takes on its dignity. This is the reading of that perplexity which all have felt, of that unquiet suggestion which hangs about the autumn trees and follows the fresh winds along the Seine; the riddle of her winter evenings and of the faces that come on one out of the dark in the lanes of the Latin quarter. She is ourselves; and we are only the film and edge of an unnumbered past. There is nothing modern in those fresh streets. The common square of the Innocents is a dust of graves and a meeting place for the dead; the Danse Macabre was too much of a creation to pass at the mere falling of the wall. The most recent of the ornaments make a kind of tabernacle for the memories of the town—Etienne Marcel before his Hôtel de Ville, Charlemagne before the Cathedral. The Place de la Concorde is not a crossing of roads for the rich, it is the death-scene of the Girondins; the vague space about the Madeleine is not only a foreground for the church, it is also the tomb of the Capetians. Wherever the town has kept a part of her older garment—in the Cathedral, in the Palais, in Ste. Chapelle—you may mix with all the centuries.

This and the preceding passages will show that Mr. Belloc has written *Paris* with the brilliant pen that wrote *Danton*. But we must express our opinion that the book before us is poised somewhat awkwardly between the essayist's sphere and the historian's. It is lavish of generalisations which demand rather than win acceptance. A certain fatigue overtakes the reader, who remembers that he was told to expect a book of private interpretations and finds often a solidity proper to a book of general usefulness. Facts are too allusively handled, and the reader looks round for a text-book to aid him. In short, Mr. Belloc seems sometimes to forget his part, and become strenuous. The book does not strike a clear note. But it is full of educated thought; it opens and shuts many doors to learning, and in its pages knowledge and sentiment meet and say fine things.

The Red Rags of Politics.

An Introduction to English Politics. By John M. Robertson. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS book contains five hundred pages of humdrum, indifferent journalism and two pages of fine prose. The journalism is speckled with hideous verbs, such as "to subsume," and still more adjectives, of which "viable" and "demotic" are the least objectionable. Purity of language, grace, energy, and imaginativeness distinguish the small oasis of good writing to be found on pp. 500 and 501. In it the author describes the intolerable disappointment generated by his studies of history, where the known and the unknown alike appear to be only "fruitless, purposeless moments in some vast eternal dream." Through æons of time "morning and evening wove their sad and splendid pageantries" above a moiling race of men who,

in Mr. Robertson's estimation, have acted with extreme folly; so that the record would fill one with despair but for the hope that in the future "social science," working with the weapons of reason and persuasion, will effect a transformation. A slender consolation to temper a judgment so pessimistic! It makes one ask if the reading can be correct, the conclusions wisely drawn.

There is a personal question not without bearing on the wider one. Our moralist, in a too brief passage, affords proof of rare mental qualities—insight, poetry, thought, passion. In toiling through the annals of Rome, Greece, Spain, Belgium, and so on, he is dull and prosy, his language a jargon; he writes like one out of his *métier*. Analysis, going a little deeper, finds further reasons for distrusting him as a political guide. The subject is so apt to engender controversy and attract prejudice, that it ought, in the first place, to be presented impartially; secondly, with more light than heat; and, thirdly, in a form as clear, definite, and concrete as possible. Mr. Robertson begins with a vague definition. "Politics," he says, "is the strife of wills on the ground of social action. As international politics is the scene of the strifes and compromises of States, so home politics is the scene of the strifes and compromises of classes, interests, factions, sects, theorists." As will be noticed, there is no etymological relationship between the word and this interpretation. Compare the latter with the opening sentence of Mr. Jenks in his exceptionally able *Short History of Politics*: "By politics we mean the business of government—that is to say, the control and management of people living together in a society"—a meaning at once practical and scholarly. The object of Mr. Robertson's survey of the politics of the past is to obtain guidance for the future. We do not hesitate to say that he ought to have done it in the dry, hard manner of a shopkeeper taking stock and surveying his past transactions.

War is a red rag to Mr. Robertson; another red rag to Mr. Robertson is patriotism. He is no believer in dying nations, but appears to think that race is nothing; that not proclivity, but suitable conditions, made antique Greece artistic, Rome a conqueror, England a coloniser. But the analogy of nature is against him. Tribes of birds and beasts and insects grow and die as if they had a corporate individuality. They differ immensely, too, in their potentialities, and it would be easy to show that among them are races that are as expanding and aggressive as Russia is; others are in decay, as is the case with China and Spain. The most unsatisfactory feature of Mr. Robertson's book is that it does not introduce us to the issues now being shaped. It is a *résumé* of dead controversies, a mumbling of the remainder biscuit. On a thousand points he is ready to fight, but why wrangle over the past? Those dead empires that he cites as warnings for England were different. They were, so to speak, advance guards thrown forward before the great army of mankind. But the whole world has now made progress, so that as pioneers we are not more than a handbreadth in front. And the points of interest to-day are not in the past, but in the future. The end of the century, by a curious coincidence, sees the end of many movements. Most of its luminaries achieved their aim. Free Trade rewarded Bright and Cobden, universal education followed on the steps of Forster, manhood suffrage has practically been adopted, and the early Victorian Chartists are justified. Mr. Gladstone's work lives in the well-arranged taxation, the financial prosperity of the country. Yet all these are but preparation and equipment for another onward rush. Parliament, political discussion, politics generally, are dull and stale just because they are still wrangling over the dry bones—the fresh, bright movements of the coming years are only felt by a few thinkers. But Mr. Robertson has not grasped the situation; his eyes are all on four red rags—Religion, War, Patriotism, Imperialism—and they see neither around nor beyond.

A Prophet of National Life.

Charles Henry Pearson: Memorials by Himself, his Wife, and his Friends. Edited by William Stebbing. (Longmans.)

THE author of *National Life and Character* was born at Islington Church Missionary College, of which his father was principal. The early years of his life were passed in a grey atmosphere of rigorism into which a Bible Society meeting threw occasionally a gleam of sunshine. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" the little boy was once heard to moan; and it is not easy to confine the scope of the lament to the physical pain which was its immediate occasion.

At the age of six, in accordance with the rule of the house—he was one of an innumerable brood—he was introduced to the Latin Grammar; and he was sent to Rugby the year after the death of Arnold, whom Dr. Tait had succeeded. It is from his own unfinished "Story of my Life" that we learn the impression that those days left upon his mind. In spite of a half-smothered kindness for the traditional system of English education—"the best in the world and very bad," as Talleyrand called it—he is alive to its faults, and particularly to the neglect of modern languages and mathematics. There is a picture of the present First Lord of the Admiralty, who had lately come back from a preparatory school at Meiningen, surrounded by a group in the quadrangle, and invited, at the critical moment before the weekly German lesson, to give a swift and sound rendering of the day's task. So much for Arnold's boasted reforms in that matter. As to the beneficial consequences of Arnold's system of moral influence, Pearson evidently was inclined to be sceptical. One gathers that in his judgment the Rugby men of that generation were neither better nor worse than men from other public schools, only more self-conscious. The four years he spent there he considered in a great measure wasted, though he read all the books in the school library, and learned to write correct Latin verses at the rate of fifty an hour. Among his contemporaries were Waddington, afterwards Foreign Minister of the French Republic; Lawrence, the author of *Guy Livingstone*; and John Conington. Bonamy Price was one of his masters, another was Congreve, the disciple of Comte, and the founder in England of the church which has been described as consisting of "three persons and no God."

In 1847, having been removed by the headmaster's request as unmanageable, he was sent to King's College, London, to which, says he, "I owe everything that can be derived from a place of education." While there, on the occasion of the Chartist danger he shouldered his constable's staff like a man, and incidentally laid seeds of lung mischief which in the end was fatal. In the midst of his lectures and studies at King's College he found no opportunity for the study of mathematics; so that when it was time for him to proceed to Cambridge he was able joyfully to point out that his acquirements in this branch of study were hopelessly defective. There was nothing for it but to send him to Oxford, and a place was found for him on the books of Oriel.

But Oriel was not in good form: the discipline was lax, the moral tone was low, the lectures were poor. Men like Pearson and the present Bishop of Lincoln were forced to withdraw themselves in a measure from the society of the college. Election to a scholarship at Exeter transferred him to a more congenial sphere.

Its principal figure at this time was the sub-rector, William Sewell, whom, although at one time he had been looked upon as a possible rival of Newman, Pearson seems to have regarded with such scorn as only an undergraduate is capable of. Indeed, the man was by that time pretty generally discredited: *Suculus*—Little Pig—they named him, because he would not go the whole hog. For the sake of Grant Duff's daring, but perfectly pertinent, parody of an amateurish misstatement of a sound argument im-

perfectly understood, we transcribe here an incident related by Pearson:

On one occasion Sewell contrived to diverge from some classical text into a justification of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. "I dare say you think it very strange that God should condemn a man to eternal torments; to the worm that never dies and the fire that is never quenched; to the fellowship of the bad for all time; to the horrible companionship of his own thoughts, simply because he hasn't believed certain abstruse dogmas, which perhaps were presented to him in such a way as to revolt his natural feelings, which, perhaps, he never heard of. But just consider. If anyone writes to us and mis-spells our name, or designates us by a title inferior to what we may claim, are we not very angry with him? And, arguing from the creature to the Creator, shall we not suppose that God will be much more angry with those who confound or refuse to recognise His attributes?" "If the creature is a fool, what must the Creator be?" was Grant Duff's pithy comment.

Pearson gained his first class in 1852, and two years later was elected a fellow of his former college. Then came the question of a profession. He had scruples about taking Orders; and on the surely rather hollow ground that "the better the advocate is the worse is the chance of justice being done," doubted the morality of the legal profession. So, "hungry for facts after the dry husks of scholastic logic and metaphysics," he took to medicine. Then his old love, King's College, called him to a professorial chair, and finally to the chair of modern history, during his occupancy of which he writes: "I am afraid in one or two instances an emulous or delicate student really died of excessive mental strain."

His career as a journalist began in 1856 with a review of Miss Strickland's *Mary, Queen of Scots*, which he contributed to the *Saturday*. Thenceforward he wrote regularly for that paper till 1859, when he found himself out of touch with it on the question of Italian Unity. Afterwards he worked for the *Spectator*, and in 1862 succeeded Hutton as editor of the *National Review*. His sketches of colleagues and rivals during this season are by no means the least entertaining part of his personal narrative. But the strange thing is this half-blind dandiacal dyspeptic, this meditator and self-communer, this winner of poetical competitions on set subjects, this churner of elegiacs, should have been all the time athirst for savagery. Europe he knew; the Antipodes called him—whither, before the end of the next century, it was his prophecy the centre of fashionable society shall be transferred. Of his life there as farmer, as politician, and as educational reformer we have left ourselves no space to speak, having preferred to confine ourselves to the sprightly and simple "Story of my Life," which is the principal charm of the book. But for the convention which would seem to regard compression and conciseness as an insult to the defunct, we should be inclined to doubt the wisdom of printing at length the appreciations of friends which fill a quarter of the volume.

On religious questions he seems never to have thought to a conclusion, and the things he is reported from time to time to have said do not rise above the level of commonplace.

Literary Hampstead.

Sweet Hampstead and its Associations. By Caroline A. White. (Eliot Stock.)

Mrs. WHITE is in her eighty-ninth year, and her memories of Hampstead are as vivid as they are long-reaching. Accustomed during a great part of her life to "coin her brain for drachmas," she now dedicates the last of her strength and talent to the place she has loved longest.

No writer can read untouched her quotation of a sixteenth century poet:

Now cease my lute: this is the laste
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun:
Now is this song both sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I am done.

A tender, truthful book is the result—the book of a dear old lady. The sweetness of many summers seems to be gathered into its pages. We are in the lovely hill-suburb that sees London on one side and England on the other; that has heard Shelley shout like a boy in his poetic glee, and has seen Constable's eye grow dim with rapture as he looked at St. Paul's from his bower, or watched a rain-cloud pass over fir and hillock and gleaming gorse. In nearly four hundred pages of lingering gossip Mrs. White takes us through all the Hampsteads (for there are many), and the air seems always murmurous with new songs of Nature or old talk of men. With eighteenth-century Hampstead Mrs. White is thoroughly well acquainted. And while, in her pages, we follow Steele and Addison, Arbuthnot and Gay, Romney and Mme. D'Arbly, in and out of the old sunny intricate streets and lanes, we know them the better because Mrs. White can recall a Hampstead so like to theirs. Even forty years ago the place wore a stationary calm.

Then Hampstead was a street of village shops upon the slope of the hill, with a broken sky-line of red-roofed, one-storied, brown-brick or weather-boarded houses, with small windows, often glazed with glass that darkened light. Some of the shops had still hanging shutters and open shop-boards, and many of them half-hatch doors, a few of which, with a fine vein of what was called independence, were comfortably bolted against all comers during meal-times.

In nothing has Hampstead more changed than its outskirts and approaches. Its heart of warm red brick and loamy gardens endures well; but Mrs. White can tell you of a time when the South End, now a congerie of third-rate streets, was a little hamlet of red-roofed houses embosomed in green trees, and when the Conduit Fields and Shepherd's Well might be enjoyed where Fitzjohn's-avenue and its tributaries now spread their villas. Here is a picture of old Haverstock Hill:

As recently as 1859 the road to Hampstead was a charming one, especially if one drove there; for there you had the advantage of seeing beyond and above the pedestrian. No sooner did you cross the Canal Bridge than your pleasure in the prospects began. Leaving Chalk Farm on the left, where in some one or other of the effaced fields Tom Moore and Jeffrey (afterwards Lord Jeffrey) met to fight their intercepted duel, and Primrose or Barrow Hill, in a ditch on the south side of which (1678) the body of the murdered Sir Edmond Godfrey was found . . . and upon the summit of which, with sublimated vision, William Blake, *pictor ignotus*, saw the spiritual sun, "not like a golden disc the size of a guinea," but like an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, "Holy, holy, holy!"

If we turn to the Hampstead humanities, whom shall we select? Mrs. White delights in Leigh Hunt, in Constable, and in Erskine—in a hundred others. There is something about the old Lord Chancellor that rivets attention. His residence, Erskine House, is familiar to all who know the Spaniard's Inn and the Spaniard's-road. The house and grounds had not much to commend them to a Lord Chancellor, but Erskine found their possibilities of improvement delightful. His garden lay on the opposite side of the road, and was reached from the house by a subway. To-day the garden is incorporated in the grounds of Mansfield House. Here Erskine, after his labours at Westminster, worked with his gardener, planting so diligently that the place was soon named Evergreen Hill. In the neighbourhood he was known as an amiable man,

who loved flowers; though a Hampstead donkey-driver, whom Erskine found ill-treating his animal, had reason to remember little more of his lordship than his stick, which was laid on his back in righteous wrath. Burke came to see Erskine at Hampstead after a long estrangement, and said to him: "Come, Erskine, let us forget all. I shall soon quit this stage, and wish to die in peace with everybody, especially you." When, presently, they took a turn round the grounds, Burke could not resist a kindly sarcasm. As they emerged from the tunnel before mentioned, all the beauty of Ken Wood, Lord Mansfield's, and the distant country, burst upon him. "Oh," said Burke, "this is just the place for a reformer. All the beauties are beyond your reach. You cannot destroy them." It quite spoils the Erskine idyll to know that after the death of his wife, in 1805, he returned to London, lived in Pimlico, and married again.

Close by Erskine House, Collins's Farm, now called Tooley's Farm, lies in the hollow below the Sandy-road leading to North End. A choicer retreat for a writer or an artist did not exist sixty years ago, and the spot had even then associations of great interest. It

was for successive summers the "sunshine holiday" home of the elder Linnell and his family, who perhaps never worked harder himself when here, and who, being here, drew around him a little company of his brother artists—amongst them Blake, Varley, Flaxman, and Morland. Nearer to our own time Dickens had lodgings here, and wrote, it is said, several chapters of *Bleak House* in this retirement. Lover is also said to have made it his summer quarters on one occasion. . . . It is easy to return from this point to the broad holly hedge opposite Lord Erskine's house. At the end of it is the site (until quite recently) of the most interesting relic that Hampstead retained of what may be called its classic days—the Nine Elms, whose boughs had shaded the favourite resting-place of Pope and Murray (the after owner of Ken Wood, Lord Mansfield).

It is natural that Mrs. White should feel little sympathy with the changes which have come over Hampstead in the last few years. Even the holiday carnivals, to which the Hampstead folk have been reconciled by many years of repetition, have lost some of their picturesqueness. The gipsies are hardly seen there now; and, moreover,

in those far-away times gipsies . . . were not the only picturesque figures to be met with on the Heath. It was no unusual thing to meet with speculative lace-makers from Buckinghamshire, in their short red cloaks, frilled with black lace, and wonderful black bonnets, with cushion and pendent vari-coloured ribbons swinging from it, selling their thread lace to chance customers, and taking orders from others who had learned the value of their wares.

Those of us whose memories of Hampstead go back only fifteen years could name similar losses and regrets. On p. 163 of Mrs. White's book there is a photograph of North End, showing the little hamlet opposite the Bull and Bush inn. The cottage gardens are seen sloping down to the road; almost you catch the scent of their mignonette and sweet-williams. But those cottages are gone, their gardens are a grassy mound; gone are the tea-tables on which cut flowers were generously placed in jars, though they grew on every hand. It was a coign of vantage, whence could be seen all the small stir of the inn. To sit there, and be meditative; to finger a pocket Horace, and murmur, with the precocious melancholy of youth,

Achilles perished in his prime
Tithon was worn away by time,

or some other gnomic exclamation of the Sabine poet—all this hallowed a spot which no villa or grocer's shop or sky-climbing block of flats can hallow. But what are such memories and regrets; and why do we name them in the same page as Mrs. White's? Only that we may claim a place in the great company of those who have loved Hampstead for her best gifts.

Other New Books.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BY ARTHUR WAUGH.

The "Westminster" series of small biographies, of which this is the first volume, seems to be very well conceived. We have had new editions of standard works in neat pocket formats, but here we have original work presented as daintily as a classic that nobody reads. It seems particularly fortunate that the field chosen for this extension of a popular form of publishing is Biography, for there is no branch of literature that is more in need of fresh sap. We have again and again protested against the portentous size and artistic nullity of the memoir of commerce. The "Westminster" biographies should show that the biographical miniature is a very charming and efficient means of recording a man's traits and achievements.

Mr. Waugh's memoir contains, we should judge, about 25,000 words, and it is divided into eleven short chapters. His treatment of his subject is simple, picturesque, and marked by good taste and proportion. A short biography ought never to look like a big one painfully compressed, and here no such error has been made. Within the limits of a small book there is freedom and leisure. Nor does Mr. Waugh afflict us with advanced or "precious" views of Browning, Bostonian epithets, or fantastic Browning Society elucidations. Indeed, his service to Browning's genius consists partly in his quiet acceptance of him as a classic, not as a curiosity or riddle-making prophet. That is the only right attitude. This book meets Browning in that level highway of literature on which he walks in the footsteps of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Shelley, Tennyson, Dickens, Arnold. In minor matters the book is well managed. Mr. Waugh furnishes a chronology, an adjunct which no biography should be without, and a bibliography which will satisfy all but the most exacting students. Browning's relations to others—to his wife, friends, critics—are carefully noted; and the hum of the literary world is allowed to steal in, as it were, through the poet's windows; so that we see him atmospherically and relatively.

In the following representative passage Mr. Waugh discusses the traditional "obscurity" of Browning in connexion with his traditional "message":

What, then, was the quality in which Browning lay outside the habits of his own time,—the quality which kept him for more than thirty years at work before he began to have anything like a considerable following? It would seem to have been almost entirely a question of *method*, and not a question of thought or "message" at all. Browning's "message" . . . is essentially simple and direct. It is concerned entirely with wide and open problems of life. It may be made to move hand in hand with orthodox religion. It contains nothing to repel or even astonish. It is a necessary part of any spiritual system whatever, of every conceivable school of philosophy which leads anywhere beyond the abyss of despair. But his *method* was another matter. It was new and disturbing, intricate and curious; and it was introduced into poetry at a time when literature, having just recovered from the fervours of the French Revolution, had settled down again into a natural calm, in the pursuit of beauty for its own sake. Now, although the pursuit of the spirit of beauty is implicit in all Browning's work, he had very little care for abstract principles apart from their direct relation to humanity. Mankind, and especially the individual man as the microcosm, was the entire concern of his poetry; and, in order to arrive at the truth of all general principles as they affected man, it was the essence of his method to analyse the emotions of the individual, to dissect the impulse, and from the isolated example to proceed to the generalisation. The method required complexity if it was to be in the least degree effectual; and the complexity demanded concentrated attention in the reader who was to follow it.

Excellent in itself, Mr. Waugh's book recommends the series which it inaugurates. (Kegan Paul.)

ALL ABOUT DOGS.

BY CHARLES HENRY LANE.

Mr. Lane is a well-known fancier, exhibitor, and judge of dogs. His work will be of great value to those interested in dogs with a pedigree. Of each breed he has a few remarks to make of his own, and in the generality of cases he adds thereto an authoritative list of points. The illustrations are pictures of well-known winners, capably drawn by Mr. Moore. Indeed, his work in this book demonstrates the superiority of the pencil over the camera in delineating animals judged by points. It is seldom, indeed, that a photographer is also a good judge, and if he were it is impossible always to obtain a good picture and at the same time bring out the beauties that appeal to the connoisseur's heart. Mr. Lane has done his work well, but sportsmen should be warned that before all else he is a judge and exhibitor, and therefore does not always show as much attention to the history of a breed as is desirable. Retrievers, for instance, he divides into flat and curly without mentioning the circumstance that the former is a creation of the last forty years or so. Nor does he venture on any criticism of the standard set up by the Kennel Club. For instance, it is very certain that the continual exhibition of deerhounds is tending to make the breed much too fine—merely a greyhound with a rough coat. Here and there, in a country house, one may meet with someone who cultivates the original type of strong, rough dog with a jaw that would make prize-winning impossible—a dog of the mountain and forest; but the average owner, on the look-out for show-bench honours, deliberately breeds away from what used to be needed on heath and forest. We are sorry, too, that so good an authority has not seen fit to make any mention of the rough Scottish greyhound. The truffle-dogs used in Wiltshire are also omitted—we suppose, because they are not often shown; but they have been bred true to type since the days of the Spanish Armada, and quite deserved a place among poodles. If, instead of "All about Dogs," Mr. Lane had chosen for title "A Manual for Dog Exhibitors" little fault could have been found. (Lane.)

IN BIRD-LAND WITH
FIELD GLASS AND CAMERA.

BY OLIVER G. PIKE.

Within the last five years the photography of birds' nests has grown into a popular pastime that is doing much to define and render exact a kind of knowledge that used formerly to be very vague and untrustworthy. Adopting the prevalent fashion, Mr. Pike has produced a pretty and enjoyable volume. His pictures, as might be expected, are not uniformly excellent. The majority are satisfactory—a few, such as the Garden Warbler that serves as frontispiece, are very fine indeed, but in one or two we are forcibly reminded of certain pictorial advertisements that used to adorn the hoardings with "Puzzle, find the Cat," inscribed beneath. "Find the Nightingale" might have been written under the cat on p. 14 and "Find the Duck" on p. 178. Probably the young ornithological student will sigh as he looks for coloured pictures. So many nests and eggs, particularly of small birds, resemble one another so closely that we doubt if specimens could be named from black and white illustrations. Mr. Pike's letterpress is clear and unpretentious. Most of his work has been done in those parts of Middlesex and Hertfordshire that are almost suburban in character, and it is extremely interesting to learn how many forms of wild life may be studied just outside the postal district. But he also describes one or two more distant journeys on his favourite quest, and that to the Norfolk Broads deserves special mention. He and three other naturalists sailed about in a yacht bearing the appropriate name of the *Reed-Bird*, and one result is an account of the Bearded Tit as full and satisfactory as any that we have previously met. But the whole tour is very charmingly described. In the course of the book Mr. Pike animadverts bitterly upon the inroads that "murderous

millinery" is making on our fauna. "At one sale in London that came under my notice," he says, "nine hundred Kingfisher skins were offered besides 265,000 other gay-plumaged birds, and 49,600 ounces of Osprey feathers." Our annual importation of bird-skins amounts to 35,000,000. And, of course, most of them are killed in the breeding season, when plumage is at its best. A sufficient cause of protest, surely! (Unwin.)

Fiction.

Ursula. By K. Douglas King.
(Lane. 6s.)

Ursula is bright and unflagging, but it is none the less a literary mistake. It is one of those pseudo-Russian tales full of passion and treachery, in which one instinctively feels that the choice of locality was due to a convention. Given two pairs of cousins strongly resembling each other, and it is obvious that extraordinary things can happen to them in a Russia manufactured by an English novelist. *Ursula* tells the story herself, and soon strikes the note of fatalism by relating how, as a child, she was "transported" into "the unknown future" and saw "crimson stains" on white stones, and at her feet "a stretched-out figure, still as death." Later on we find that this tragedy is the result of a desperate fight on the premises of a villain distinguished by that eerie suavity which we have learned to associate with the pseudo-Russian of the English novel. Miss King's climax has dignity, for "the stretched-out figure" had laid down his life to save the man he hated for the sake of the woman he loved. *Ursula* was that woman, and, having three lovers and a very high temper, she proved a worthy ally of the melodramatic Norns. The pace of the story is exciting, and the incidents attending the detention of *Ursula* and her escort in the house of the doctor who proposes to murder them have the quality of genuine romance. We may add that *Ursula* discovered the trend of her affections, and that she makes her farewell to the reader from a veritable heaven of domesticity. It would be interesting to have Turgenev's opinion of the structure and characterisation of this novel.

To the Healing of the Sea. By Francis H. Hardy.
(Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

ODDLY enough Mr. Francis Hardy combines in his new novel the sincere but shallow religious sentiment evinced in *The Mills of God* with a brilliant narrative of stock-broking in extraordinary. His plot is of the simplest: a financial genius, Blabon, takes the place in Wall-street of a friend, Livingstone, who by reckless speculation lies under an imminent risk of bankruptcy and dishonour. Suffering as he is from nervous breakdown, Livingstone is persuaded to cross the Atlantic to England for the sake of "the healing of the sea." On the other hand, a beautiful brunette of charitable instincts is persuaded to regard the unfortunate stockbroker as a patient, and to endeavour to take him out of himself. The sentiment of love made him feel acutely the injury sustained by his self-respect during his financial adventures; and indeed a man seldom finds it pleasant to remember that he has appropriated to his own use money which he held in trust. Thereupon Mr. Hardy with questionable fitness vouchsafes him a vision of Him who walked the waves. Furthermore—and here the Optimist casts on him a tolerant eye—he allows his penitent stockbroker to save a life at the peril of his own. Meanwhile astounding juggleries go on in Wall-street, to the end that Livingstone becomes once more a millionaire. But at what cost!

The first ten minutes of that terrible "Blue Monday" had worked ruin to a quarter of a million gamblers,

exposed the carefully concealed defalcations of a hundred trusted officials, driven a score of desperate men to suicide, swept into bankruptcy six Stock Exchange firms, and closed the doors of three large banks.

Let us hope Livingstone was worth it.

Nell Gwyn, Comedian. By Frankfort Moore.
(Pearson. 6s.)

In this slight series of episodes Mr. Frankfort Moore has followed a prevailing fashion, and given us a highly idealised picture of Nell Gwyn. We watch the fortunes of the wayward and warm-hearted orange girl from her first appearance outside Drury Lane Theatre, jesting with Buckingham and Sedley, to the final scene, the only one of real human feeling, in which the lover she has mourned as dead returns to find that Nelly is "the King's." The following is a specimen of the badinage between orange girl and courtiers:

"Ay, but I'm no lady, only a bit of a woman," said Nell.

"If you're only a bit, I'll buy a score from the sample, Nelly."

"Ay, your Grace treats womankind as oranges—to be picked up by the score."

"And to be found deadly sour."

"Ay, and then flung into the gutter."

Her caprices and repentances are not rendered peculiarly convincing, yet she is by far the most vital figure in the book. Mr. Moore's Churchill is something of a puppet, though Nell's jesting prophecies concerning him are not without point.

"Lud, Nell, Jack hath no quality of the volatile shuttlecock about him."

"Oh, yes; if we live long enough, we shall see him exhibit the best quality of the shuttlecock—the quality of changing sides rapidly without falling between them."

As to Lady Castlemaine and Mme. de la Querovaille, it is difficult to conceive of these violent ladies, as here depicted, appealing to the fastidious, if whimsical, taste of Charles II. Historic accuracy is not to be expected in stories of this nature, and Mr. Moore has been at as little pains to impart historic atmosphere. The absence of these qualities, however, will probably not interfere with the popularity of these comedies with readers desirous of a half-hour's amusement, who will welcome their vivacity. (Pearson. 6s.)

The Sword of the King. By Ronald MacDonald.
(John Murray. 6s.)

THE plot of Mr. MacDonald's romance centres closely about the sword which gives it name. The "king" is William of Orange, and the story deals with a plan for his assassination and its thwarting by the heroine, Philippa Drayton. Her wild ride, disguised, to warn the Prince, and the service by which the seeming lad wins the gift of William's sword, with a promise to redeem it by any boon in his power, is told in stirring fashion. Philippa's brother, a Catholic and devoted adherent of King James, is endangered by her act, and through his escape Edward Royston, her lover, an officer of the Prince, is brought face to face with degradation and death. In this crisis Philippa claims the promise, and when William, sparing his follower's life, does not release him from disgrace. She restores the sword—broken.

"The greater half," he said; and in despite of himself he smiled.

Being by that smile much emboldened, I answered: "Then am I more generous than William, Prince of Orange. For life," I said, lifting from the floor the broken point of the sword, "is less than honour. Yet, like his Highness, I keep the point that kills."

The complicated situation is handled with force and clearness, though none of the incidents are markedly original. A promising first book.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE INCREASING PURPOSE. BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

The author of *The Choir Invisible* is coming to his own in England, and this novel, full of racial warmth and freshest human nature, will substantiate his claims. As in most of his other writings, Mr. Allen treats of Kentucky life and Kentucky ideals. The period is that at the close of the Civil War, about 1865. A wind of intellectual life, embodied in a university, is passing over the State, and hero and heroine alike respond to it. Intending to fit himself for the Christian ministry, the hero is caught by the Darwinian theory, and he finds in love the solace he had sought in religion. The book is redolent of the soil, from which David goes to his studies and to which he returns. Life is intense, richly coloured, and splendidly aspirant in these pages; yet the eternal note of sadness is brought in. (Macmillan. 6s.)

AS THE LIGHT LED. BY JAMES NEWTON BASKETT.

In this novel also the period after the War of Secession is chosen; but here the effect of the war is not the broadening of intellectual life but the narrowing and hardening of religious life. The hero and heroine are divided by sect; we are among Methodists, "Disciples," and what not. (Macmillan. 6s.)

LITTLE INDABAS. BY J. MAC.

Five documents of South African life. Such documents, too! The Kaffir, the Boer, the Englishman. As Mr. Edward Garnett says, these studies may not quite "fit in with what the newspapers say"; but there is no doubt that they are well written and that they reflect human nature. The first story, "The White-Patched Kaffir," ends thus: "When Thornton gives the history of his fortune he claims the credit of having made one black man carry out his moral obligations, which, he says, is more than Exeter Hall has done; he firmly believes that Providence specially decreed the white-patched Kaffir should fall into his hands to enable him to help himself, and he maintains that banging the black man's head with a Bible answers better than tenderly handing it to him limp and soppy with negrophile tears. As his wife, who entered these pages as Nell Marsden, has the costliest conservatory in Maritzburg, she agrees with him." (Unwin. 2s.)

MANY DAUGHTERS. BY SARAH TYTLER.

Mrs. Tytler's present concern is with the woman movement, and her story deals with the inmates and interests of "The Woman's Institute and Emporium of Technical Knowledge and its Productions." The heroine's name is Delia, and she is "illustrious in combined cookery and mathematics." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

A HOSPITAL ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES. BY ELEANOR HOLMES.

Five short stories of the improving type, with mild writing like this: "Those who have ever found themselves beneath the same roof with a pair of newly-engaged lovers will bear witness to the imperative necessity that exists for the constant observance of precaution in entering rooms." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

THE WONDERFUL CAREER OF EBENEZER LOBB. EDITED BY ALLEN UPWARD.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men." The title, and this motto, will suggest the nature of this book, which follows an old convention. Ebenezer Lobb is the all-round blunderer, whose adventures in sport, literature, politics, the Volunteers, and other spheres, provide what is known as merriment. The book also includes "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Ebenezer Lobb." (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Canadian Muse.*

It was decidedly the time and the hour to put forth a collection—at any time interesting—of Canadian verse. Canada is to the fore in English minds, as her troops are to the fore in English battle. The editor of *A Treasury of Canadian Verse* dedicates his collection to "the Lamartine of Canada"—Louis Fréchette; but, oddly, we look in vain among the poets therein "sampled" for the said Mr. Louis Fréchette. Why veil from our pardonably irritated curiosity the Muse of the "Lamartine of Canada"? There is, as we saw the other day, an—nay, the Australian Swinburne; whom England knows not: now is there also the Canadian Lamartine, "an instant and no more" flashed before our eyes and straightway withdrawn. "Wherefore are these things hid?" as Sir Toby Belch says. "Why have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Moll's picture?" Lowell, you may remember, observed that in every American family of decent size at least one member was sure to turn out to be some very great man all over again. But in all seriousness, let us say that we are not minded to treat this collection as such collections are mostly treated. It seems usually considered that Colonial poetry is much on a par with Colonial wine. If it give you a wry mouth you shall not publicly say so, lest you discourage Colonial industries. Both will mature, if you suffer them time. It appears to be thought rather a remarkable feat that the Colonies should grow their own poetry at all; as though this exotic were unsuited to the soil and must naturally be imported from the mother country. Therefore, Colonial poetry is met with a fatherly indulgence, a "You'll soon be as big as papa!" air. Which is not good for Colonial poetry. It is not remarkable that our great colonies should produce poets: it is somewhat remarkable, perhaps, that they have not yet produced greater poetry. Therefore, we shall judge this book like an anthology of English poems; which is doing Canada much more honour than if we treated it with slovenly lenity.

No one who reflects will expect much novelty, that "national note" which is so thoughtlessly demanded from our Anglo-Saxon offspring across seas. They inherit the unbroken tradition of English poetry, and they are just English poets writing on a new soil. Such difference as climate may make will not be clamorous; it will show itself, if at all, in subtle, unobvious ways. Save for scenic distinctions, patriotic Canadian allusions, this volume is much like a collection of lesser English verse. It does not show that Canada is yet "going strong" in poetry. There is evidently much fertility, much fluency, but a conspicuous lack of condensation. The ballad, which Mr. Kipling has made the fashionable form in England, does not seem to flourish in Canada as in its sister-colony, Australia. There is nothing here, for example, like the ringing and swinging verses of the Australian Lawson. Nor yet is Canada eminent in meditative verse—sparse enough in England since Mr. Watson "cares not his idle

bagpipe up to raise" (the expression is Spenser's, not ours!) and Mr. A. C. Benson has fallen silent. Descriptive poetry, or lyrics chiming of external nature, and the joy—sometimes the melancholy—of life; these make up by far the bulk of this collection. Shelley—stripped of metaphysics and the flush of imagery fallen from him; Keats, without condensation of phrase and figure; such seem to be the dominant inspiration of Canada. Something, at times, of Tennyson one naturally finds; rarely of Matthew Arnold. Once only we find the trace of Edgar Poe: Emerson and the other American poets seem to be uninfluential.

That Canada, as represented here, has yet far to go is demonstrable from a single fact: the uncontested supremacy among all his fellows of Mr. Bliss Carman. We were prepared to find him in the front rank—nay, at the head; but not for such primacy as this. He stands head and shoulders above all the rest. This is the more striking because (apart from "Low Tide on Grand Pré") he is far from being represented, we think, by his finest work. In him the Canadian fondness for external nature and the *joie de vivre* culminates, reaches fulfilment and distinction. Has he not, indeed, sung—and sung bravely—of "the outward eye," as Wordsworth did of "the inward eye"? That was in the *Songs from Vagabondia*, where his work, indistinguishably mixed with Mr. Richard Hovey's, naturally fails to obtain for him individual credit. But all his work is a song of the outward eye, full of manhood and the "shrill spirit" of the open wind, in which no morbidity can live. It is not always perfect poetry, it does not always "come off," and he is not careful to bring it off when the shaping impulse fails; he is not, that is to say, eminently an artist; but it is good to walk with Mr. Carman on the road of life—and how many modern poets are good travel-comrades? Flashes, too, there are of deeper things, struck off with an adventurous individuality, hardy things which give you a pleased fillip of surprise. Of this poet Canada may with right be proud. Too long to quote is "Low Tide on Grand Pré"; but here is a verse:

Was it a year, or lives ago,
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow-lands,
And held it there between our hands?

A fine example, this, of his most polished manner. Of his more individual fancy, take "The Crimson House"—good, though better might have been chosen by Mr. Rand:

Love built a crimson house—
I know it well—
That he might have a home
Wherein to dwell.

Poor Love that roamed so far
And fared so ill,
Between the morning star
And the Hollow Hill,

Before he found the vale
Where he could bide,
With memory and oblivion
Side by side.

He took the silver dew
And the dun-red clay
And behold when he was through,
How fair were they!

The braces of the sky
Were in its girth,
That it should feel no jar
Of the swinging earth:

That sun and wind might bleach,
But not destroy,
The house that he had builded
For his joy.

* *A Treasury of Canadian Verse*. With Brief Biographical Notes. Selected and Edited by Theodore H. Rand. (J. M. Dent.)

"Here will I stay," he said,
 "And roam no more,
 And dust when I am dead
 Shall keep the door."

There trooping dreams by night
 Go by, go by,
 The walls are rosy white
 In the sun's eye.

The windows are more clear
 Than sky or sea;
 He made them after God's
 Transparency.

It is a dearer place
 Than kirk or inn;
 Such joy on joy as there
 Has never been.

Let the reader whom this book may stir to seek his poems not overlook the two *Vagabondia* volumes, where Mr. Carman finds a congenial partner in his American friend, Mr. Richard Hovey. Among the numerous other poets in the present collection, one of the best things is by a woman—Miss (or Mrs.) Isabella Valancy Crawford. It describes the Helot, intoxicated by his Spartan master, for the warning of the Spartan's son, Hermos.

Dropped the rose-flushed doves and hung
 On the fountain's murmuring brims;
 To the bronzed vine Hermos clung—
 Silver-like his naked limbs.

Flashed and flushed rich coppered leaves,
 Whitened by his ruddy hair;
 Pallid as the marble caves,
 Awed he met the Helot's stare.

With fixed fingers, knotted, brown,
 Dumb, the Helot grasped his beard,

Heard the far pipes, mad and sweet,
 All the ruddy hazes thrill,
 Heard the loud beam crash and beat
 In the red vat on the hill.

Wide his nostrils as a stag's
 Drew the hot wind's fiery bliss;
 Red his lips as river-flags
 From the strong Cæcuban kiss.

On his swarthy temples grew
 Purple veins like clust-red grapes;
 Past his rolling pupils blew
 Wine-born, fierce, lascivious shapes.

"Lo," he said, "he maddens now!
 Flames divine do scathe the clod:
 Round his reeling Helot brow
 Stings the garland of the god."

It has a fine colour-sense, as will be seen from these extracts, and a classical condensation of diction not common in female work. Extremely spirited is her "Forging of the Sword"; and altogether she is one of the most notable of the band. Another woman—Margaret Gill Currie—has a fresh descriptive poem, "By the St. John."

With honeysuckles, meadow-sweets,
 And rue the banks are lined;
 O'er wide fields dance gay marguerites,
 To pipe of merry wind.
 By the tall tiger-lily's side
 Stands the rich golden-rod,
 A king's son wooing for his bride
 The daughter of a god.

The poem of which this is a specimen is favourably typical of a large quantity of Canadian work in this book. Such, again, is Sarah Anne Curzon's "Invocation to Rain." Of the poetry which owns Keats for master Mr.

John H. Duvar's "How Balthazar the King Went Down into Egypt" is a good representative:

Music was on the Nile boats: conch and horn,
 Flute answering flute, while zitter and lycon
 Took up the keynote from the leading barge,
 And part and counterpart in measured strain,
 In gathering volume, rolled on to the marge,
 The while the swelling chorus grew amain
 And inland o'er the standing rice was borne.

Accomplished work, nowhere inspired. Lastly, for our space wanes, let us quote a really good sonnet by Mr. Charles Heavysege, on "Night":

'Tis solemn darkness; the sublime of shade;
 Night, by no stars or rising moon relieved;
 The awful blank of nothingness arrayed,
 O'er which my eyeballs roll in vain, deceived.
 Upward, around, and downward I explore,
 E'en to the frontiers of the ebon air,
 But cannot, though I strive, discover more
 Than what seems one huge cavern of despair.
 Oh, Night, art thou so grim, when, black and bare
 Of moonbeams, and no cloudlets to adorn,
 Like a nude Ethiop 'twixt two hours fair,
 Thou stand'st between the evening and the morn?
 I took thee for an angel, but have wooed
 A cacodæmon in mine ignorant mood.

This fine sonnet, it will be seen, is also descriptive. Nor does Canada excel in sonnetteering. On the whole, even from the chosen specimens we have quoted, it will be evident that there is much accomplishment revealed in this anthology, but a lack of the inevitability of high poetry. We note, by the way, what is too often a characteristic of female poets, strongly displayed here—namely, a tendency to display enthusiasm for natural objects by addressing them in diminutives and coaxing familiarities, with domesticities (so to speak) of affection. The lady, in fact, makes baby-eyes at nature. Sometimes pretty, always weak, it becomes irritating in mass.

A Pedigree of "Drudgery."

Lexicographer—A harmless drudge.—JOHNSON.

DR. JAMES A. H. MURRAY delivered the Romanes Lecture for this year in the Sheldonian Theatre on the 22nd, and the lecture has been printed and neatly published by Mr. Frowde within a few days. "The Evolution of Lexicography" was Dr. Murray's almost inevitable subject, and he treated it with a thoroughness and simplicity which make this little blue-paper-covered pamphlet well worth keeping. In effect we have here the pedigree of the Oxford English Dictionary, a veritable "long pedigree of toil." In skeleton (but Dr. Murray gives it flesh and blood) the pedigree is as follows:

In the seventh and eighth centuries, when Latin was the only language of books, the possessor of a good book frequently came across a difficult word which lay outside the Latin vocabulary. In such cases he often, as a help to himself and others, wrote the meaning over the word in the original text, in a smaller hand, sometimes in easier Latin, sometimes in English. Such an explanation written over a word of the text is a *gloss*. Latin MSS. of the Middle Ages are full of such glosses.

Later it occurred to someone to collect out of the MSS. to which he had access all the glosses they contained, and combine them in a list to be learned by heart, or consulted at need. Such a list constituted a *Glossarium* or *Glossary*. Simultaneously with the formation of such glossaries from the Latin, vocabularies to the Latin were formed for teaching purposes. Vocabularies and glossaries were frequently combined.

When such lists of words became very long it was seen that their usefulness would be increased by an alphabetical arrangement of words and phrases. The various stages in alphabetisation may be seen in four of the most ancient glossaries of English origin that we possess, known (from the libraries to which they now belong) as the Leiden, the Epinal, the Erfurt, and the Corpus (Corpus Christi, Cambridge).

Onwards to the eleventh century many vocabularies were formed, all dealing with Latin words but all tending more and more to give the meanings of words in English, until the vocabularies of the tenth and eleventh centuries are truly Latin-English. "A new aim had gradually evolved itself; the object was no longer to explain difficult Latin words, but to give the English equivalents of as many words as possible, and thus practically to provide a Latin Dictionary for the use of Englishmen."

For three hundred years after the Conquest English lexicography stood still, but with the revival of English as a literary and legal tongue more Latin-English dictionaries, notably the *Ortus Vocabulorum* of Wynkyn de Worde, were produced. The next advance was the production of English-Latin as distinct from Latin-English vocabularies. The *Promptorium Parvulorum*, or Children's Repository (1440), is the famous example.

With the Renaissance came renewed activity, and in 1538 the first Latin vocabulary to be called a "dictionary" was published by Sir Thomas Elyot. It was followed, in 1554, by Withal's *A Short Dictionary for Young Beginners*, ending with the words, "Thus endeth this Dictionarie very useful for Children."

Latin had been the essential element in all dictionaries. French and Italian were now taken account of in the fine French-English Dictionary of Randall Cotgrave, and the Italian-English Dictionary of John Florio, both published in 1611.

In 1604 Robert Cawdrey supplied the germ of the modern English Dictionary, in his *Table Alphabeticall of Hard Words*, and in 1616 came Dr. John Bullokar's *English Expositor* on the same lines.

In 1623 appeared the work which first assumed the title of *The English Dictionary*, by Henry Cockeram. This is a curiosity and a mine of instruction. Its hard words include *abregate*, "to lead out of the flock"; *acersecomick*, "one whose hair was never cut"; *adcorporated*, "married"; *balbulcitate*, "to cry like a cow-boy"; *collocuplicate*, "to enrich"; *adecastick*, "one who will do just whosoever."

In Cockeram's *Dictionarie*, *blunder* is given with the meaning, "to bestir oneself, and garble as the equivalent of 'to clense things from dust.'" The Second Part is intended to teach a learned style. The plain man may write a letter in his natural language, and then, by turning up the simple words in the dictionary, alter them into their learned equivalents. Thus "abound" may be altered into *exuperate*; "too great plenty" into *uberty*, "he and I are of one age" into *we are coetaneous*, "youthful babbling" into *juvenile inaniloquence*.

Blount's *Glossographia* took the field in 1656, and went through many editions to 1707. Many other dictionaries appeared, including that of Nathaniel Bailey, whose *Universal Etymological English Dictionary* appeared in 1721, and obtained such a hold that editions continued to appear long after Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. It contained diagrams and proverbs. According to Sir John Hawkins, Dr. Johnson used an interleaved copy of Bailey's Dictionary as the basis of his own work.

In 1731 Bailey marked the stress accent, a step in the direction of indicating pronunciation.

In 1755 appeared the Dictionary which had long been projected by the booksellers, and had at length been entrusted to Dr. Johnson. "Johnson's great work," says Dr. Murray, "raised English lexicography altogether to a higher level. In his hands it became a department of literature."

In 1791 John Walker—following Bailey, Dr. Kenrick, and others—systematised English orthoepy.

Only two independent contributions to the development of lexicography were made in the earlier half of the nineteenth century. These were the American dictionaries of Webster and Richardson, the former valuable for its definitions, but weak in its etymologies; the latter almost scorning definitions, but rich in illustrative quotations.

Dr. Trench's paper, read before the Philological Society about fifty years ago on "Some Deficiencies in Existing English Dictionaries," pointed out that all the dictionaries neglected the history of words, and omitted thousands of rare and obsolete words. He also insisted that a complete dictionary must be the work of many collaborators. From this impulse arose the movement which has culminated in the preparation of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. "It can be maintained," says Dr. Murray, "that in the Oxford Dictionary, permeated, as it is, through and through, with the scientific method of the century, lexicography has, for the present, reached its supreme development."

Things Seen.

The Sower.

It was near a haunt of Folly in the early afternoon that I happened on the Sower. Grizzled and slim, ill-suited in rusty black, he threaded the moving crowd, singling out one and another, saying a word and pausing for no reply. He spoke in the ear of a tall, showy man, screwed up a semitone above the pitch of fashion; pressed for an instant the clean hand of a defeated vendor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; whispered to a loafing, vicious stripling, and to a meagre shopboy with a khaki tie. In his wake he left a track of surprised faces. The newsman looked mildly resentful; the loafing lad laughed hoarsely; the shopboy cackled with a fine show of contempt. It was all one to the Sower.

In a back street, whither an idle curiosity drew me after him, he saluted a costermonger. The fellow rested on his handles, and called over his shoulder. As I drew near, the Sower handed him from his breast-pocket a leaflet.

"Seek the Lord!" said he, as he turned.

"God 'elp me!" cried the other, and winked hideously at a pal upon the pavement.

The Sower passed on, dropping the seed right and left as he went. At a certain door he paused and knocked. I was almost level with him. I was curious—even a little flustered: what message should I receive from this queer evangelist—I, new from the altar this feast-day of Corpus Christi? Would he discern? He looked steadily at me from under his wry brows. His face a little relaxed.

"God bless you!" he said.

The Bill Distributor.

THE child—he could not have been more than five—stood but a stone's throw from the British Museum, handing to every passer-by a slip of paper. Information thus gratuitously distributed is often, in that neighbourhood,

of a character eminently refusable; but his offering no one could refuse. He showed no favouritism, however, and it was a slip of paper I received. It was blank on both sides. His mission was none the less earnest for that. Two ladies were the next recipients of his bounty; I watched them staring. A moment later found him in a jeweller's shop, but he was careful of his opportunities; and he was out again directly. As he stood on the jeweller's threshold I bent down to him. "May I ask *why* you give people these pieces of paper?" I said. His blue eyes met mine widely, but vacantly; his smooth forehead was puckered. To ask was to puzzle him. He had not the key of his humour.

He met no resentment; how should he? For on his blank slips of paper all his beneficiaries read themselves back into their childhood—that state of dream when action is dear for its own sake, and to play at commerce with real customers is the Game of games.

Correspondence.

"Mr. Punch": A Protest—An American View.

SIR,—Few things are more amusing to the stranger within your gates than the touching affection which the British public maintains for their—and our—old friend "Mr. Punch"; and, upon the whole, he has deserved it. But I must confess that I regret to see your excellent paper, in a critical article, joining in the praise of the latter-day "Mr. Punch," as though he remained beyond criticism, and as though the paper which we buy on the bookstalls to-day was the same paper which our parents and grandparents bought twenty—nay, ten—may, five—years ago. Please understand that I am only a Yankee, whose humour may be "new," and whose tastes may be vulgar; but what I am, *Punch* has made me, for he has lain on my table since boyhood, and I would stand the test of examination with the bluest-blooded Britisher that ever laughed or wept with Leech or Keene (that magnificent artist!), or smiled ironically with George Du Maurier. And now, alas! when I study this preceptor of my youth at the end (or is it at the beginning?) of the century, I can only cry (quoting from my Bartlett), "What a falling off is here." The *Punch* repartee to the old lady who complained that *Punch* was not so good as it had been was, "Oh, it never has been." But that little spark of humour won't scintillate to-day. The decadence is of a material kind. Lovers of *Punch* do not complain that Keene is dead, that Tenniel has grown grey, that Phil May is parsimonious of his exquisite draughtsmanship; but an ugly sheet of advertisements has been stuck into the heart of the paper, and sometimes, lately (but this must be whispered), the illustration here has been the one bright spot in the number. The pages are no longer varied with small pictures, and the deadly pun, that microbe of diseased humour, lies everywhere. One shivering block per page is the allowance, and often that block stands as a tombstone to record a jest, long since dead, but which some irreverent jester will not allow to lie at rest. The events of the moment are ignored. Mr. *Punch's History of His Own Times* is ended, for Mr. Sambourne is a great artist to whom mundane affairs are a bore, and Sir John Tenniel is living in a glorious past which nothing—not even his present—can obscure.

But this—all this—is but the commonplace of the smoking-room and the street, and yet the "conspiracy of silence" in the newspapers chatters its unceasing praise and utters no word of criticism. How comes it that English journals, critical in all else, allow their old friend and comrade to stumble on blindly and never to warn him with so much as a hint? Well, sir, my explanation is this: all men, especially newspaper men, make jokes,

and their hereditary desire to publish them in *Punch* stays their hands, lest he should die before their progeny is published. As I never detected you,* sir, in anything like a joke, I address my protest and appeal to the ACADEMY.—I am, &c.,

LUCIUS M. DRAGE
(Manhattan-crescent, Boston),

Langham Hotel, London:

June 25, 1900.

[* And we have tried to joke so often.—Ed.]

"Drift."

SIR,—Mr. Beckles Willson's letter to you on the subject of "Drift" shows the imprudence of not consulting a modern dictionary. For while the word *drift* boasted fewer than half-a-dozen meanings according to the last-century lexicographers, its status as a noun is to-day established by at least nineteen, although I am unable to discover anywhere its application to floating weeds, flowers, and grasses. In this poetical sense Mr. Beckles Willson may, therefore, claim to be original; but his rival, Mr. Brown, might with propriety have used *drift* as implying (*vide* Century Dictionary) a drift of snow, of logs, of cattle, of swine, or of bullets. Whether this would have been poetical I shall not presume to decide.—I am, &c.,

E. B. POLLOCK.

Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.:

June 25, 1900.

Ernest Dowson.

SIR,—The discovery that the beautiful lyric by which the name of Ernest Dowson will be chiefly remembered was a mere Swinburnian rendering of a comic ballad of Mr. Burnand's is sufficiently astonishing. The critical insight your correspondent displays is amazing; perhaps, therefore, he will now indicate the source from which Mr. Burnand derived his fable. Whatever that may be, Dowson found the inspiration in his own life; had, probably, never heard of Mr. Burnand's version; and, in writing his own, was only giving the fullest expression to an emotion that has "thrilled dead bosoms." A little more of that astonishing smartness upon which many people pride themselves would have rendered this clear to your correspondent's perspicacity. The line he cites, moreover, is a misquotation; and the poetic formula he styles "Swinburnian" is one favoured in this country by Rossetti as well as Swinburne, and in France by scores of poets since Villon, by whom it was probably conceived.—I am, &c.,

HAROLD LUSH.

Judy Office, Chancery Lane, W.C.:

June 25, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

ESSAYS OF JOHN DRYDEN.

EDITED BY W. P. KER.

Mr. Ker is Professor of English Literature in University College, London, and this work has been anticipated with interest for some time. It is not a complete edition of Dryden's prose. The longer works and those unconnected with literature have been left out. The book contains a collection of Dryden's principal essays on literary subjects, with a short commentary, and an introduction intended to explain his position as a critic. There are also copious notes. Dryden's prose is neglected of the multitude, but its importance to thorough students has always been great, and this presentation of it is welcome. (Clarendon Press.)

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE
FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES. W. W. CAPES.

This is the third volume (issued in advance of the second, which is not yet ready) in the great *History of the English Church*, which is being edited by the Dean of Winchester, and which will be completed in seven volumes. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Prayers, Lessons and Hymns in the Tami or Slavi Language of the Indians of Mackenzie River. Compiled by the Bishop of the Diocese. (S.P.C.K.)
Kennedy (James Houghton), *The Second and Third Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians* (Methuen) 6/0
John, Marquess of Bute. *A Form of Prayers, Following the Church Office.* (Burns & Oates) net 1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Bertouch (Baroness de), *The Outcast* (Chapman & Hall)
Gracey (H. K.), *The Zuff Ballads* (Kegan Paul) net 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Baylis (T. Henry), *The Temple Church and Chapel of St Ann.* (Philip & Son) net 2/6
Bligh (William), *The Mutiny on Board H.M.S. Bounty* (Bankside Press)
The Westminster Biographies: Browning. By Arthur Waugh. (Kegan Paul) net 2/0
Brinkeshoff (General R.), *Recollections of a Lifetime* .. (Robert Clarke Co.)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Pateron's Guide-Book to the Rhine and its Provinces (Olipphant) net 1/6
Pateron's Guide to Switzerland (Olipphant) net 1/6
Waddell (Major L. A.), *Among the Himalayas* (Constable) 6/0
Freeston (C. L.), *Cycling in the Alps, with some Notes on the Chief Passes.* (Richards) 5/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Page (T. E.), *The Æneid of Virgil. Books VII.-XII.* (Macmillan) 5/0
Mark (H. Thistleton), *The Practical Sound and Sight Method of Language-Teaching: French. Part I.* (Sonnenschein)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Allen (Rev. G. C.), *Tales from Tennyson* (Constable) net 3/6
Aristo. *Zoroaster, Philosopher, Teacher, Hermit* (Watts) 2/6

** *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 40 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best "Thing Seen" in verse, not exceeding eight lines. This Competition has been popular, and has produced very varied results. We award the prize to Mr. J. M. Strachey, 69, Lancaster-gate, W., for the following :

Quick through the bars of his cage the monkey, with jubilant treble,
Seized the small parcel, unfolded the nut from the paper and ate it,
Stretched forth his paw for another, when, lo! not a nut but a pebble
Lurked in the treacherous wrapper, grating his teeth as they met it.

What chatter and grinning of fury! what clutching for foes to belabour!
Till sudden he paused, there came over the foam of his wrath a transition;

He re-wrapped the stone in a hurry, and up overhead to his neighbour
Thrust it, then rolled on the floor of his cage in ecstatic derision.

Other replies are as follows :

ON THE TACK.

Close where the calm cliff fronts on the splash and the swell of the ocean,
She, in her strength and her height, paused with a shivering sigh;
Wildly the huge white sails flapped about with tumultuous motion,
Loose ropes rattled, and shouts rose to the infinite sky.

This for a moment; then she turned with a bang from the leeward;
Sails taut, deck on a slant, ropes that were rigid again,
And, with the course and the force of a hawk, swept splendidly seaward,

Buoyed by the great grey winds, over the mist of the main.

[G. L. S., London.]

AT CHORAL EUCHARIST.

Cross and altar, choir and pictured window
Faded from our wear-dimmed mortal sight;
In its stead . . . Nay, who can paint that glory?
Could I find the words—I dare not write.

But I know a door in Heav'n was opened,
Lit the blood-stained way the Martyrs trod,
Till I saw the pathway of the lilies
White and golden, leading up to God.

[E. A., Suffolk.]

IN THE CEYLON TEA GARDEN, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900.

Green shade and sward, and wicker chairs,
And tables set for tea;
Parisian talk, and British stares,
And sound of girlish glee.

In deft attendance on the crowd
Move dusky Cingalese—
Impassive, dignified, and proud—
Of Nature's gentry these.

[L. R., London.]

Workhouse folk in a sultry street,
Filing by with shuffling feet;
A painted woman dispensing doles,
Smiles, as they pass, on the grateful souls;
Smiles, then spits a wild-cat curse,
On one who scorns the ill-gained purse.
Human sinner, saint divine,
Mingle ever—myrrh and wine!

[T. B. D.]

I once did see a face that, gleaming, gazed
From out a halo of snow-whitened hair;
And lo, a hand stretched out, a sword upraised,
That flashed in shining radiance thro' the air.

It seemed to cross a stream of rippling light,
And come towards me; and I screamed aloud,
And ran up to my mother in a fright,
Whom smiling at me, said "Tis but a cloud."

[M. I. C., London.]

LONDON.

Above, St. Paul's majestic pile,
The thronged street below,
The busy scene, now flushed awhile
In tender evening glow.

The age-worn spire across the way,
The mighty frosted dome,
The bridge beneath, all seem to say,
In London, here's my home!

[E. H. H., London.]

Other replies received from : R. M. S., Gourock; H. D. C., Cambridge; G. B., Liverpool; T. C. Buxted; J. B. W., Hove; L. C. J., North Berwick; J. C. S., Bristol; E. R., London; A. R., London; M. T., London; A. L., London; M. von S., London; E. J. L. A., Penarth; S. B. M., Glendevon; G. L. S., London; Mrs. D., London; K. E. T., Bristol; G. C., Ferris; M. B. E., Melbourne, Derbyshire; H. R. B., London; L. L., Ramsgate; S. R., Malvern; T. B. D., Bridgwater; M. C., London; H. E. M., Edinburgh; F. J. O., Wall; A. S., Edinburgh; R. H. M., Manchester; E. R. G., Croydon; E. S. C., Redhill; H. C., Leicester; A. A., Birkdale; Z. McC., Whitby; A. M. P., Folkestone; H. C., Leicester; L. F., Manchester; L. M. L., Stafford; S. W. S., Catford; P. P., London; A. W., London; R. B. J., London; H. J., London; C. S. O., London; M. A. W., London.

Competition No. 41 (New Series).

LAST week we received the following ingenuous letter, typical of many which reach this office :—

"DEAR SIR,—I am most anxious, as one having literary aspirations, to cultivate style. Would you favour me with a few hints, or tell me where I could get the hints?—Yours truly, —"

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best letter to be sent in reply to the above.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, July 3. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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No. 281.—JULY, 1900.

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